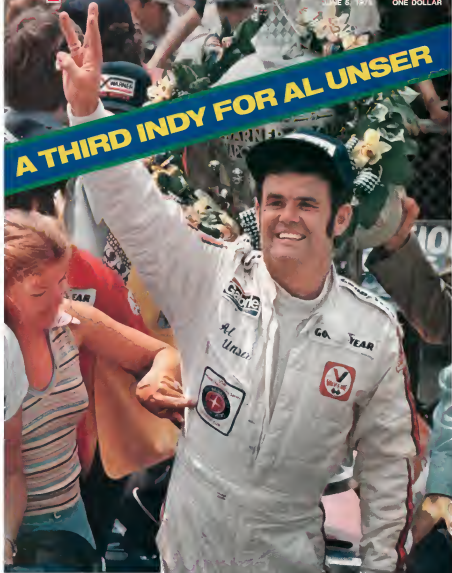


Sports Illustrated

JUNE 6, 1973

ONE DOLLAR

A THIRD INDY FOR AL UNSER



Kodak introduces

ColorburstTM instant cameras

Instant color by Kodak. You get it only from Kodak instant cameras.

Now, there's a low-priced, motorized instant camera that gives you what no other motorized instant camera can—bright, brilliant, bursting color by Kodak. And it's so simple. Just press the button and out pops a clean, white print that turns to magnificent color right before your eyes. Like magic. It's completely automatic, no timing, no peeling apart, no mess.

Close up or far away—focusing's a snap.

Kodak's "zooming circle" helps you get sharp, clear pictures of your favorite people because it lets

you set the focus quickly and easily.



Tough, durable prints instantly.

All Kodak instant prints have an elegant, textured SatinluxTM finish that protects them from smudges, smears, fingerprints. You can even wash spills off with water.

Electronic flash pictures.

Colorburst instant cameras use flipflash or electronic flash. The Kodak electronic flash has an electric eye that gives you correct exposures automatically. Great for fill flash outdoors when the sun is be-

hind or on the side of your subject. And you can buy a Kodak Colorburst 100 instant camera in a handy kit that also contains a Kodak electronic flash.

Only Kodak instant cameras give you vertical or horizontal instant pictures.

All you do is change camera

a vertical subject, hold the camera side ways. And, you can have copies made of your favorite pictures from wallet size to enlargements.

Easy-to-use cameras—lovely-to-look-at prints.



Colorburst instant cameras are comfortable to hold with just enough weight for shooting stability. Best of all, Kodak instant cameras give you what no other motorized instant camera can—bright, brilliant, bursting color by Kodak. And after all, isn't color the way to choose an instant camera?



"The only low-priced, motorized instant cameras that give you this ...bright, brilliant, bursting color by Kodak."



Decisions... decisions... Make your decision

PALL MALL EXTRA LIGHT

Lower in tar than
all the other lights



The only low-tar filter with Pall Mall taste and flavor

Only 7 mg. tar

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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**“When anything
goes wrong
for me...
somebody is
going to pay!”**

“They owe me!”

So who is this "somebody?"

It's "somebody" with plenty of money, an unending ability to pay.

This "somebody" has the responsibility to provide an extra *reward* to a person for his misfortune.

And "somebody" makes it easy for us as jurors (and even the judges) to overlook just who it is that's wrong, and base our decisions on the assumption that *any* injury or loss (real or imaginary) deserves payment. And maybe a substantial bonus as well.

So who is this benevolent "somebody?" It's *you!*

This growing "they-owe-it-to-me" attitude may be just fine with you. But if you want it to be America's standard, be prepared to pay the bill. In the form of higher taxes, higher prices for goods and services, higher medical costs. And, yes, higher insurance rates. So, keep your checkbook handy.

Because insurance is merely a means of spreading risk among many. So, when claims and

settlements go up, rates can only do the same.

This complex social issue and its impact on insurance rates cannot be resolved without an informed public. Since you are the ultimate paying party, you most certainly have the right to be informed.

If that's your wish, send for our "Enough is Enough" booklet. It's full of information on the issue, along with action steps to help you register your views where they count.

Enough is Enough.

Write The St. Paul for your "Enough is Enough" booklet. Or contact an Independent Agent or broker representing The St. Paul. He's in this, too, and wants to help. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.

St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company, 385 Washington St., Saint Paul, MN 55102.

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Property & Liability
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Serving you through Independent Agents: St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company, St. Paul Marine Insurance Company, The St. Paul Insurance Company, St. Paul Guardian Insurance Company, The St. Paul Insurance Company of Illinois. Property and Liability Members of The St. Paul Companies Inc., Saint Paul, Minnesota 55102.

THE BEGINNING OF YOUR HI FI SYSTEM SHOULDN'T MEAN THE END OF YOUR SAVINGS ACCOUNT.

A lot of people today are under the impression that in order to get a great sounding hi fi receiver, you have to be willing to spend a great deal of money.

Not people who've heard Pioneer's SX 450 receiver, however.

Because for less than \$225,* the SX 450 can reproduce every note of music any instrument can play. And can do it as cleanly, clearly, and loudly as some receivers that cost hundreds more.

For those interested in specifics, the SX 450 produces a minimum of 15 watts per channel rms into eight ohms, from 20 to 20,000 hertz, with less than 0.5% total harmonic distortion. Which, in English means that while the SX 450 won't be able to knock down walls, it will, if turned up, at least be able to offend the neighbors.

Equally important is the fact that when you buy an SX 450, you're not buying some cheap "house brand" component, or settling for an inferior sounding compact stereo. You're buying a piece of high fidelity equipment made by Pioneer, the company that's number one today with people who care about music.

See your
local Pioneer
dealer for full details.

THE SX 450

After all, we may have become number one today with people who care about music, but we've never forgotten that there are still an awful lot of people out there who care about money.



High Fidelity Components
PIONEER
We bring it back alive.

* U.S. Pioneer Electronics, 85 DeFord Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07054

*The value shown in model ad is for information purposes only.
Actual dealer prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer as his option.

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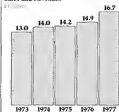
THE RELUCTANT WARRIOR who was Ken Norton's now the rough and ready fighter; anxious to defend the WBC heavyweight championship against Larry Holmes Pat Rutnam profiles the man who didn't really grow up until he became a grown-up

SIXTEEN NATIONS have made it to the World Cup soccer finals in Argentina. Sixty-seven began the chase two years ago and only one will be left by month's end. Clive Gammon takes a look at the players to watch in the biggest of all sporting events

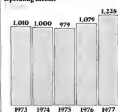
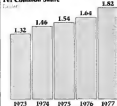
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Sales and Revenues**



Operating Income**

Dividends Declared
Per Common Share

*As restated for poolings of interests **Including insurance and finance activities

A record year for our shareholders, any way you look at it.

In 1977, ITT reached new highs in sales, earnings, and dividends—the best in our 57 years.

And as our Annual Report notes, "we see a good 1978 ahead."

Income before extraordinary items rose in 1977 to \$562 million—14% over 1976's restated income of \$492 million.

Earnings for 1977 were equal to \$4.14 per common equivalent share—an 8% increase over the restated \$3.85 per share for 1976.

Foreign exchange gains amounted to four cents per share in 1977, compared with a loss of 10 cents in 1976.

Sales and revenues for last year—\$13.2 billion—compare with \$11.8 billion in the year-earlier period. Insurance and finance revenues reached \$3.5 billion, against \$3.1 billion in 1976.

Today, we are organized into

five principal product segments, each in a fundamental and growing market. Telecommunications and Electronics (\$4.6 billion in sales and revenues last year), Engineered Products (\$4.3 billion), Insurance and Finance (\$3.6 billion), Consumer Products and Services (\$3.3 billion), and Natural Resources (\$1.9 billion).

Together, they're a healthy cross section of the most promising sectors in the U.S. and world economies.

For a more detailed look at ITT's record last year—and at what's ahead for us—write for a copy of our 1977 Annual Report to Robert H. Savage, Vice President, Director of Investor Relations, Dept. 04, International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. **ITT**

Stress can rob you of vitamins



Stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble vitamins.

Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by stress, your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your usual daily meals provide. During times of continued stress — when your body may be affected in many ways — a vitamin deficiency can develop.

What is stress. Severe injury or infection, chronic overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting — any condition that places an unusual demand upon your body constitutes stress and may cause B and C vitamin depletion, if the diet is inadequate.

Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins.

STRESSTABS 600 has a single purpose: to help you correct a B complex and C vitamin deficiency. With 600 mg. of vitamin C, and B-complex vitamins, high potency STRESSTABS 600 can help restore your supply of these water-soluble vitamins and help maintain good nutritional balance. STRESSTABS 600 also contains the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance of Vitamin E. Also available: STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



DOMINIS: THROUGH A GLASS BRIGHTLY

June has been designated Photo Month, and a commemorative stamp—a 15-center—is to be issued in a few weeks. While SI did not go out and hire a new picture editor to commemorate anything in particular, it does seem like a fitting moment to introduce John Dominis, once a famous LIFE photographer and most recently picture editor of our sister publication PEOPLE, from whom we obtained him for an unspecified amount of cash and a 1,000 mm. lens to be named later.

Dominis comes to us via Los Angeles, Atlanta, Korea, Dallas, Chicago, Hong Kong, Washington and New York, with a couple of side trips to Africa. He was born and raised in L.A., where he went to Fremont High. "There was a teacher there, C. A. Bach, who was teaching the only three-year photography course offered in the U.S.," Dominis says, "and he produced a lot of good photographers. Once eight of his students were on LIFE at the same time."

As far as we can tell, Dominis is the only SI staffer to have played in the Rose Bowl. He was a first-string end on the USC team that beat Washington 29-0 in the 1944 game. In those days, almost everyone played both ways, which Dominis did unflaggingly, although he weighed 165 pounds on a line that averaged about 190.

In 1950 he was free-lancing in At-

lanta when LIFE assigned him to cover the Korean War as a staff photographer. Later, based in Hong Kong for five years, he ate noodle soup, raced cars, wandered around Sumatra in the middle of a minor Indonesian revolution and recorded the beginning of what later became the disaster of Vietnam. He went next to Washington and finally came to New York. In 1966 he made two long trips to Africa to photograph the big cats, from lions on down: his LIFE picture essays won him the University of Missouri's Photographer of the Year award. During all of this he also covered five Olympics, from Melbourne to Munich.

Around LIFE Dominis was regarded as something of a marvel, a photographer who could work without indulging in the theatrics considered almost a requisite of the profession in those days. He took fine pictures of practically everything (food was his specialty for a time) and could discuss them calmly and sensibly with non-photographers, even editors. And his expense accounts did not require complete suspension of disbelief.

With LIFE gone, Dominis free-lanced for a while. Among his clients was a New York TV station that flashed his still pictures on the screen during the station breaks. He continues to do occasional work for the station, and his credits appear regularly at about 3:30 a.m.

Dominis will not be taking pictures for SI; he will be too busy editing them, not to mention all the administrative duties involved in deploying his new troops. But with the spirit that made him a legend on LIFE, he says, "SI's photographers are the best in the field. It is a pleasure."

Sack Meyer

27 ways to enjoy a brief escape at Tan-Tar-A, sparkling playground of Mid-America.

Come to the most exciting year-round resort in the Midwest, on the shores of the beautiful Lake of the Ozarks. Last year, 90,000 visitors discovered that a brief escape at Marriott's Tan-Tar-A has a lot more sparkle than most two-week vacations.

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1. Swim in our tropical indoor pool. Or pick one of four outdoor pools. Or go jump in the lake.

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6. Dine elegantly in our distinctive restaurants.

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8. Bowl in our eight-lane alley.

9. Go fishing. Our guides know all the best spots.



10. Ski on a gentle slope, then rest in our ski lodge. Our snowmaking equipment and natural snowfall give us 72 ski days last winter.

11. Water-ski on the lake.

12. Work out in our health spa—sauna, massage, hydrotherapy, and exercise equipment.

13. Unwind in deluxe accommodations.

14. Skate on our huge indoor rink.

15. Play billiards in a 7-table hall with a cozy fireplace.

16. Enjoy live entertainment—and dancing, every night.

17. Send your children to our playroom. Let your preteens enjoy games, hikes, and handicrafts.

18. Choose one of five taverns and cocktail lounges.

19. Play ping-pong.

20. Play shuffleboard.

21. Play horseshoes.

22. Watch TV—including a closed-circuit channel and in-room movies.



23. Shop at spectacular Market Lane—18 quaint shops on an Early American mall.

24. Improve your golf indoors with Golf-o-mat.

25. Sunbathe on our outdoor plazas.

26. Cruise on excursion boats.



27. Enjoy special events—like bridge, ping-pong tournaments, cooking demonstrations, and fashion shows.



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At last, a golf book written for the game you play.



If you're more concerned about correcting your slice than making the cut at the U.S. Open, or if a good bunker shot or a conquered trouble shot could improve your score as much as a booming drive, then **THE GOLFER'S STROKE-SAVING HANDBOOK** is for you. It's a practical, no-nonsense guide to meeting the challenges

faced by the typical amateur or weekend player:

- Diagnosing and correcting the faults in your swing
- Getting out of trouble—deep rough, water hazards, sand traps, "impossible" lies—in as few strokes as possible
- Curing such bad shots as slicing, hooking, shanking, topping, sky-ing, scuffling and other evils
- Mastering challenge and recovery shots such as sidehill, uphill and downhill lies, fast-rising shots over trees, low shots under branches, the intentional slice and hook, the bump-and-run and many more



Best of all, these detailed pointers are presented in an exceptionally easy-to-use format. You can find help with your particular problem—at home, on the practice tee, even

on the course—just by looking in the Table of Contents, each specific shot has its own separate, complete, illustrated discussion. And in a bonus chapter, teaching pro Craig Shankland explains a simple technique for "grooving" your swing by concentrating on its hub, your head, neck, and shoulders



In short, **THE GOLFER'S STROKE-SAVING HANDBOOK** is the book you need if you've ever lost strokes to a headwind, half-buried a ball in a bunker, shanked a key shot or faced the dozens of other challenges every round of golf brings. Pick up a copy at your bookstore. Use the book and you'll quickly see the difference on your score card.



A WINNING FOURSOME.

This book's blend of practicality and knowledgeability results from an unusual blending of talents **Craig Shankland**, one of America's foremost teaching pros, worked with nationally-known golf instruction editor **Dale Shankland**, artist **Dom Lupo**, whose work can be seen in dozens of golf books and magazines and at the Golf Hall of Fame, and low-handicap amateur **Roy Benjamin**, the journalist and publisher who conceived, planned and coordinated the book and serves throughout as a liaison between the teaching pro and the reader.



THE GOLFER'S STROKE-SAVING HANDBOOK

Craig Shankland, Dale Shankland,
Dom Lupo, Roy Benjamin

With more than 100 illustrations, most of them full page. An oversize format. \$12.95

A Sports Illustrated Book
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



Shopwalk

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

IF YOU WANT TO LEAD A WELL-ROUNDED LIFE, WHY NOT TRY CURLING UP IN A TIPI?

Most people agree that the idea in business is to make more money than you did last year. Not Jeb Burton of Bend, Ore., who feels that everyone need not march to the beat of the same tom-tom. He makes tipis (also known as teepees, although Burton says this isn't consistent with the spelling in Indian literature). A tipi is an overnight shelter. A tipi is a home.

Burton, 33, loves tipi life. He has lived in one at the base of the Cascades for two years and insists, "It's really enjoyable to be awakened in the middle of the night by a hoot owl. I rather look forward to it." His motivation? "Somebody really ought to preserve this fascinating part of Indian culture."

For eight years Normadics Tipi Makers (17671 Snow Creek Rd., Bend, Ore. 97701) has been turning out 700 tipis of heavy treated canvas a year. They come in six sizes, from a 14-foot-diameter model (\$1,700) to a 26-foot one (\$5,500) and are all based on the same Sioux design. The most popular model is the 18-footer that is suitable for year-round living for two to four people and costs \$2,800. Burton says, "Our business is not to make something for the backyard that people will look at and say, 'Isn't that cute?' We are dealing with an arid living space that should be taken seriously. A tipi is sophisticated yet functional. It's one of the only ways left to really get in touch with nature. You get so you can smell a herd of deer and hear the wind in the birds' feathers."

An Indian named Black Elk is credited with observing "Everything the power of the world does is done in a circle." The sky is round, so is the earth, likewise the stars, the wind whirls in circles, the sun circles, so does life. He concluded glumly, "Our tipis were round like the nests of birds and these were always set in a circle... but the white men have put us in these square boxes. It is a bad way to live, for there can be no power in a square."

Of course, there can be power in a square (although the Oval Office does come to mind), but the aesthetics of a circle are nicer. Women's church groups often are called "circles," people play rounds of golf.

No life does not go in meaningless circles for Jeb Burton, who seemingly has reduced the sharp corners of life. Each tipi takes about 12 hours to construct the employs 11 craftsmen, and after a day at work Burton stretches out next to the glow of the circular fire in his tipi and reads. "It is so enjoyable," he says. "There's a sort of magic about it."

END

CANADA



Artistic Conception

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VIEWPOINT

by FRANK DEFORD

**RUN INTO THE SUNSET, RUN OFF A CLIFF,
BUT, PLEASE, DON'T TELL ME ABOUT IT**

In 1930, Robert Benchley wrote, "I am now definitely ready to announce that Sex, as a theatrical property, is as tiresome as the Old Mortgage, and that I don't want to hear it mentioned again. I am sick of rebellious youth and I am sick of Victorian parents and I don't care if all the little girls in all sections of the United States get ruined or want to get ruined or keep from getting ruined. All I ask is, don't write plays about it and ask me to sit through them."

It is 1978 now, and I would like to announce that Running, as a literary property, is as tiresome as Ruined Young Girls, and that I don't want to hear it mentioned again. I am sick of joggers and I am sick of runners. I don't care if all the people in the U.S. are running or are planning to run or wish they could run. All I ask is, don't write articles about running and ask me to read them.

I am tired of stories about movie stars who run, and grandmothers who run, and families who run, and Hawaiians who run, and children who run, and women who run and doctors who run—especially women and doctors who run. Run into the ocean, for all I care, run into the sunset, run off a cliff—but don't tell me about it.

I'm not just talking about stories that appear in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, even though we seem to have turned into a propaganda organ for the running cartel. They are everywhere. Today in the mail I received an article from a woman I met at lunch 10 years ago, telling me about the joy of training for a marathon with a six-month fetus thrashing about inside her. You can't pick up a copy of *The Wall Street Journal* or *Popular Mechanics* or *The Plumber's Friend* without stumbling over a story on jogging. The *New York Times'* sports-editorial page puts readers to sleep each Sunday with article after article by prep school English teachers who have discovered running, to say nothing of running at dawn.

I used to think that the most tedious articles on sport were about harness racing, but articles on running are worse. This is because harness horses can't write and runners can. Or think they can. Also, harness horses aren't, in and of themselves, boring. Runners are boring, and the refuge of the bore is self-righteousness, which is why so much running literature is not only turgid but also smug. It reads like a cross between a horoscope and the pronouncements of Bowie Kohn.

I have thought this out. Running is so pulling that those who do it are either functional bores to start with or borderline coxes with a

bore with. Either way, they can justify this activity only by telling everybody else about it, boring them even more than they are bored. Why do runners believe their monotonous sport has a monopoly on athletic fulfillment?

Can you imagine a baseball player writing thousands of words about the joy and beauty and satisfaction of playing a game of ball? He'd be hooted out of the league. Has Julius Erving ever felt compelled to huddle on ad nauseum about the indescribable thrill of a slam dunk? Has Nadia Comaneci ever cornered you at a cocktail party and told you for 45 minutes how she discovered dawn and a lower fat content through gymnastics? Has Bjorn Borg ever said he was dissatisfied with his life because he couldn't convince you to play tennis instead of watching *Laverne & Shirley*? Yet a housewife who jogs over to the shopping mall and back feels she has a license to lecture and browbeat and bore you about running.

Don't people have a constitutional right to be bored without running? Can't they talk about solar energy or Jerry Brown or show home movies? Can't they bring out their credit cards? Do they have to rise at dawn to be bored?

So spare me. I don't want to hear about it. I don't ever again want to read about the joy of running, the beauty, the ecstasy, the pain, the anguish, the agony, the rapture, the enchantment, the thrill, the majesty, the love, the coming-togetherness, the where-it's-at-ness. I don't ever again want to hear running compared to religion, sex or ultimate truth.

I have done some investigating of my own into running, and I have uncovered some hitherto suppressed facts. As a contribution to the nation's health and peace of mind, I feel it my duty to make them public:

- 1) Running is bad for you.
- 2) It is worse for women than it is for men.
- 3) It causes cancer in rats.
- 4) Porphyrus was found in five out of six running dentists tested.
- 5) Running causes impotence, except every now and then when it causes VD.
- 6) The Boston Marathon is only 17.4 miles long.
- 7) Pheidippides, who ran the 24-odd miles from the battlefield at Marathon to Athens—in effect, completing the first marathon—was actually a woman. The runner she collapsed and died after delivering her message was because she was a woman and it is a known fact that running a step beyond 1,500 meters is dangerous for women.
- 8) Running is boring.
- 9) The most boring runners write about it.
- 10) The next most boring runners talk about it.
- 11) These two groups frequently mate and produce little receptive bores.

END

CANADA



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A car like this doesn't come along very often. If you ever wished you had been there to shake up the car world with the new MG-TC back in 1947, with a 1953 Corvette when it was heresy on wheels, a 240-Z in 1970 when it turned more heads than hot pants...then you understand.

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But there are some highly untraditional virtues, too.

The RX-7 was designed specifically to take advantage of the Mazda rotary engine's unique combination of compactness,





1947.
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1970.
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smoothness and high performance. It made some important differences.

The compactness made possible a front mid-engine design, providing nearly perfect weight distribution for impeccable handling and smooth ride. It also made possible the RX-7's slick, wind-cheating lines.

At the same time, the smooth power and broad, flat torque curve of the Mazda rotary make the RX-7 a real stormer, but one that's easy to get along with at low speeds.

If you thought you'd never own one of the great sports cars, better test drive a Mazda RX-7

GS-Model (shown) or S-Model. You simply have to experience it from the driver's seat to understand what this car is all about: the kind of comfort, versatility and room you've always wanted, the kind of performance you've always dreamed of. And all at a price you'll find hard to believe.

Believe. Your time has come. The Mazda RX-7 is here.

*POE price for S-Model: \$6,395. For GS-Model shown: \$6,995. (Slightly higher in California.) Taxes, license, freight and optional equipment are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown above \$250 extra.)

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

FORE!

Former President Gerald Ford, who shows signs of wanting to return to the White House in 1980, ought to check over the press releases sent out by his office. One recently noted that golfer Ford, who made a hole in one last year, made another recently. The release concluded, "The odds of a former President making two holes-in-one within a year are as unlikely as his returning to the White House in 1980."

TOO MUCH

As the years grind on in Oakland, Charlie Finley's reign over the A's is getting more and more like Ludwig's in Bavaria. Last week Bobby Winkles, who had managed a collection of low-salaried kids and has-beens to first place in the American League West, chucked his job because Finley had become just too much. There were reports that Finley had been considering putting earphones on Winkles so he could communicate with him directly in the dugout. Meanwhile, Finley kept calling him on the phone at home. A typical early-morning call to Winkles would command, "Get up! Only whores make their living in bed." When Winkles recently spent a day off visiting Napa Valley vineyards and was unreachable by phone, Finley raged, "If you ever do that again, you can go someplace else." After Winkles finally phoned (ah, the irony) Charlie to tell him he was quitting, Finley was moved to concede, "Maybe my telephone calls were driving him to the nut house."

The A's have now had 16 managerial changes in the 18 years that Finley has owned the club, counting repeats like Jack McKeon, Winkles' replacement last week, who had been replaced by Winkles last season. Despite its fast start, the club has had dismal attendance, even below last year's, which was the worst in the majors. Last week the A's mimeograph machine broke and members of the press had to forage for statistics. Bob Hoffman, the traveling secretary who also

serves as team statistician, simply gave up when the A's acquired Glenn Burke from the Dodgers. The Oakland press release was a photostated bio of Burke from the Dodger media guide without updated averages.

Ever since spring training the A's have lacked a lefthander to pitch batting practice and, perhaps as a consequence, seven of their last 10 losses have been to lefties. "I realize Charlie is low on money," says Designated Hitter Gary Alexander, "but I think it would really help us if we could get a lefthander in batting practice." If a hitter such as Mitchell Page wants to check up on his form at the plate, he must repair to Ricky's, an Oakland bistro, which keeps videotapes of the games. The A's don't have the equipment. Tune in next week.

WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

John Ziegler Jr. is paid \$230,000 a year to be president of the NHL, but you wouldn't have known he was on the job during the Stanley Cup playoffs. The rival coaches, Scotty Bowman of Montreal and Don Cherry of Boston, were constantly critical of the referees, to say nothing of the outrageous comment of the Bruins' Brad Park, who said, "I thought they only fixed horse races." Bowman termed the officiating a "joke." He also called in the media and played a videotape of alleged Bruin transgressions not whistled in the two games the Canadiens lost in Boston. Cherry repeatedly claimed that the referees had it in for the Bruins and that they were plotting to get him. The players showed up Referee Dave Newell on the ice. In Game 5, Boston's Wayne Cashman skated past Newell and waved his stick under Newell's nose. Boston's Terry O'Reilly drew a misconduct penalty when he fired the puck at Newell but missed by a couple of yards.

No other sports commissioner lury up with such nonsense. The NBA's Larry O'Brien has warned Washington and Seattle that he will deal severely with any-

one who criticizes the officiating in the finals. NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle fines teams heavily if they dare run films for the press to show up officials. And last week American League President Lee MacPhail suspended Fred Lynn of the Red Sox for three days for bumping Umpire Nick Bremigan.

So what's with Ziegler? As one NHL ref says, "What's happening is absurd. If the league's not going to back up its officials, then maybe what the league really wants is games without officials. Then let everybody kill each other."

WINING IT

O.K., Woody, you can relax now. Ohio State finally showed it can win the big one. Mark Schad and Stuart Ensor, a couple of Buckeye animal science majors, made the point a fortnight ago when they launched Brown Beauty, a Leghorn hen,



to the championship of the Seventh Annual International Chicken Flying Meet in Rao Grande, Ohio, with a flight of 113' 5".

The event attracted a crowd of 1,200, who watched as each of the 119 entries was nudged into flight, more or less, from a mailbox perched 10 feet above the ground. The world record of 297' 2" was set last year by Kung Flewk, a Japanese black-tail Bantam. Kung Flewk died over the winter, but her owner, Gary Wright, a radio executive from Dubuque, Iowa, was there with the old chimp's daughter, Kung Flewk Too. Kung Flewk Too flew, too. She flapped 80 feet to the rear and was automatically disqualified. Then there was Charlie Loving of Round Rock, Texas, who trains flying chickens for

continued

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owner Guich Kooch, who plays Harley Puckett on TV's *Carter Country*. Loving confidently predicted victory for Cocoa Cluck, a Bantam-red rock cross, even though she was late in arriving because the airlines had lost her with Loving's luggage. Cocoa Cluck flew only 10 inches before turning around and being disqualified, prompting Loving to tell Bob Evans, a sausage tycoon who hatched up the contest, "Find her a good home, and if that fails, any old skillet will do."

FOUR-STAR PRODUCTION

In case you ever doubted that folks in Kentucky worship basketball players, listen to this. Four seniors—Rick Robey, Jack Givens, James Lee and Mike Phillips—from Kentucky's NCAA championship team drew more than 100,000 emotional fans in 31 towns during a barnstorming tour of the state that ended last week. In Harlan an 85-year-old woman kissed each of the players, and in Carter County 13-year-old LaDonna Griffith broke down and cried when she had Robey autograph her basketball—for the second time.

Using fill-ins for the fifth man, the seniors competed against an AAU team managed by Victor Baesler, a Lexington lawyer and former Kentucky player who had the foresight to begin scheduling the tour even before the Wildcats won the NCAA title. "Each of the UK players will make about \$10,000," says Baesler, who also set up pregame receptions, which fans gladly paid extra to attend.

VAYA CON DIOS

British sportswriters, who are used to violence by soccer fans at home, have been cautioned to watch their steps when they go to Argentina for the World Cup finals later this month. The warning comes from Britain's leftist National Union of Journalists which is opposed to Argentina's ruling military junta for its curbs on press and trade unions. In a *Journalist's Guide* the union cautions writers covering the Cup not to look subversive, but provides a handy list of Spanish phrases in the event they do. For example, "*Dejen de torturarme, por favor*," which means, "Please stop torturing me."

Other excerpts:

"*Mi periódico les pagará bien si me dejan ir*," or, "My newspaper will pay you well if you let me go." And if that

doesn't work, "*Por favor entreguen mi cuerpo a mi familia*," which means, "Please deliver my body to my family."

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

Speaking of soccer violence, British Rail recently ran a special train to carry people away from London during Britain's own Cup Final in Wembley Stadium. Four hundred non-fans went on a 480-mile round trip between London and a remote Yorkshire hamlet, with the excursion taking up 23 hours of circuitous travel on little-used tracks. British Rail billed the trip as "the perfect antidote to the Cup Final in that the train leaves before the morning papers are delivered and gets back after the television has closed down."

The passengers included a honeymoon bride whose husband stayed behind to watch the game, an ex-referee, a group of busmen who had been roughed up by soccer hooligans and a soccer hooligan who had been released from jail the previous day and who was observed in his compartment quietly reading a book called *The Gentlemanly Art of Cricker*.

OLYMPIC PLACEMENT

Shotputter, U.S. champ, 26, B.A. anthrop., seeks PR job San Jose/San Fran area that allows time to train for 1980 Olympics. Reply, Maureen Seidler, c/o Canteen Corp., Chicago, Ill.

So right run a job-wanted ad placed by the Olympic Job Opportunity Program organized by Howard C. Miller, the go-getter president of the Canteen Corporation and the U.S. Olympic Committee. After watching Soviet, East German and other state-subsidized athletes excel in the 1976 Olympics, Miller wondered why U.S. business couldn't do its share by hiring Olympic hopefuls as full-time employees, but giving them paid time off to train and participate in qualifying meets, as well as in the Games if they made them. He put the idea to the USOC, and the job program came into being.

The USOC approves all genuine applicants and then forwards their applications, giving educational background and type of job desired, to Canteen, where the job seekers are matched up with a job provided by an interested company. So far, 23 companies, including Montgomery Ward, Samsonite, Hilton International, Wilson Sporting Goods and the Continental Bank of Chicago,

have hired 23 prospective Olympians full time, and by 1980 about 150 are expected to have been placed. As yet, however, no athlete seeking a job in California has found one. Besides shotputter Seidler, at least eight other athletes are looking. Interested companies should get in touch with Hal Berge at Canteen: 312-751-7676.

THE SHORT END

Carle Jackson, the voice of reason on the Maryland Thoroughbred Racing Commission, has resigned. In his record 19 years on the board, Jackson steadfastly voted against the use of the medication phenylbutazone, or Bute, and fought for aid to horsemen and tracks. "I simply feel frustrated," says Jackson. "Maryland racing is in very bad shape, and nobody is doing anything about it. I can't live with this kind of thing. The breeders need help, some of the tracks need help, but they can't get anywhere with Annapolis [the General Assembly]. It looks like nothing is ever going to be done in the way of relief. Nor is anything going to be done on this medication thing that has gotten out of hand."

A horseman himself, Jackson was urged by the legislature's recent passage of a bill to raise purses more than \$20,000 a day starting next month by increasing the percentage of the takeout. "The purse raise was needed, so on that account the bill was fine," he says, "but all the money is coming out of the pockets of the public, the bettors. The fans seem to get the short end every time."

MSSD, AGAIN

The women's softball team of the senior class of the University of Montana law school is called the Ms. Trials.

THEY SAID IT

• Al Conover, former Rice football coach, on hearing that his team's 1975 loss to Mississippi State was reversed on forfeit ordered by the NCAA: "I always told the team we didn't get beat, we just ran out of time."

• Claudell Washington, explaining why it took him four days to show up after being traded by the Texas Rangers to the Chicago White Sox, "I overslept."

• Ted Turner, denying rumors he was disposing of his floundering Atlanta Braves: "I'm not interested in selling the Braves ... but I don't know why not."

The Rose's Gimlet.

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Tonight, try the Rose's Gimlet. It's made with elegance. To make you feel elegant whenever you have it.





Sports Illustrated

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AL BREAKS 'EM IN RIGHT

*Vespa's Al Unser, driving a brand-new Ford Cosworth Cobra and downing 11
by a rookie owner, led most of the way to win his third Indianapolis 500*

by ROBERT F. JONES

CONTINUED

Each May it comes back to life: a great rough beast, howling, snarling and belching. Each May it must be tamed, and it is in the style of that taming that the drama of the Indianapolis 500 takes shape.

Last Sunday the shape was sleek and cerebral, fraught with strategic overtones. There was little of the blood-and-burnt-rubber élan of earlier races, though the 500 miles sizzled at times with 190-mph speeds.

The man who tamed the brute proved to be one who was long familiar with the craft—Al Unser of Albuquerque, winner at Indy in 1970 and '71 but considered a long shot at best this 500. For the second straight year, pole sitter Tom Sneva, driving for the polished Roger Penske organization, finished second, and was the only one credited with being on the same lap with Unser's First National City Lola/Chaparral. Other favorites fell back or out for one reason or another. A. J. Foyt got no closer to the front than seventh where he finished. Bobby Unser was sixth, Gordon Johncock third, Johnny Rutherford 13th, Janet Guthrie, the only woman in the field, drove a steady, smooth, unspectacular but typically competent race to finish eighth, a performance that may finally silence Indy archtraditionalists.

Ironically, it was Penske, whose cars constituted the greatest threat to Unser, who had predicted Alf's victory. The night before the race, Penske stood and fidgeted in the humid darkness in front of the Speedway Motel outside of Turn Two. His blue suit was crisp as always, but the dark tie hung loose at his throat. With Sneva and Rick Mears, both his drivers, on the front row, Penske was in the best position of any car owner to play Clyde Beatty in this year's circus. Out in the gloom, the beast muttered, letting off intermittent bellows (firecrackers) as is its wont. Sirens rose and fell on 16th Street. A whiff of dope and stale beer drifted past on a wayward breeze, then recoiled and fled when it bumped into Penske's cologne.

"With Mario all the way at the back of the pack because he didn't qualify the car himself," Penske was saying about Andretti, the star driver of his third car, "it would be pointless to have him charge. He could get knocked out in traffic. He'll lay back and pick his shots, and if the race goes the distance he should be up with the

leaders at the end. The first row will be a drag race at the start between Sneva and Danny Ongais. I told Mears to let them race, just drop back in and stay up near the front. Foyt will charge sure enough—being in the seventh row isn't as bad as being in the last row, like Mario. But the guy I'm really afraid of is Al Unser in Jim Hall's car. He's done it before, and the car is quick and steady, and it could darn well be ready."

It was—and so was Al when the green flag dropped on the day before his 39th birthday. It had been a long time between victories. Unlike his older brother Bobby, also a two-time winner, Al drives with a cool, unspectacular persistence, the kind that makes for dull races but big purses when the car holds together. Still, Unser's win was doubly surprising because he was driving a new creation designed by Eric Broadley of England and modified for Indy-style racing by former sports car driver and designer Jim Hall. Not only was this Hall's first time at the Speedway as a competitor, but the machine that Unser had qualified fifth, more than 5 mph slower than Sneva's 202.156, did not represent the best that Broadley and Hall had to offer. Another, more thoroughly developed car crashed earlier this year at the Texas International Speedway—a wipeout that Unser admitted "put us really far behind. In tire testing with that car here at Indy in April, we hit 202 mph and I finally felt I'd be competitive again. Then came the wreck at Texas and I didn't think we stood much of a chance."

Not many of the 300,000-odd fans who fed the beast on Sunday thought so, either. The A. J. Foyt fanciers, always legion, pulled for their champion to take his fifth Indy, after having made it a record four last year. Ongais, the stocky former hot rodder in Parnelli Jones' stark black new car, had the support of the drag-racing crowd, and his starting position in the middle of the first row made a victory by Ongais entirely credible. Former winners Bobby Unser, Rutherford, Johncock and, of course, Andretti all had their clutches.

Race day broke hot and humid, with temperatures soaring toward 90 but no clouds in the offing. A minor mystery was resolved just before the start. Since track owner Tony Hulman's death last year, everyone had wondered who would say, "Gentlemen, start your engines." Betting

men gambled on a tape of the famous phrase, but it was Hulman's widow, Mary, who brought the beast to a roar, and acknowledged Guthrie's second appearance in the 500 by saying, "Lady and gentlemen, start your engines." Her delivery—for the benefit of connoisseurs of pre-race oratory—was loud, smooth and almost fierce.

At the fall of the flag, the drag race Penske had predicted became a screaming reality. Ongais showed the USAC drivers how the quarter-milers do it: he leaped ahead even as Starter Pat Vidan began his swing with the green flag, and by the time the front-row cars reached the scoring pylon 100 yards downtrack, he had a three-car-length lead.

But Penske's crystal ball must have been clouded when it came to Andretti. Mario charged. Disappearing into Turn One on the first lap, he gobbled up the slowpokes like a growing boy in a gooseberry patch. Coming around again, he had reached 23rd place, up 10 spots from the start. By the eighth lap, despite a two-lap time-out for a yellow flag, he lay 16th, and on lap 19 he nipped ahead of Foyt, who had scarcely been lazily along.

For a brief moment, Mario looked like the man who would tame the Speedway, but his surge into ninth place would be as far as he climbed. On the next lap, he coasted into the pits with electrical problems and a dead engine. Chief mechanic Jim McGee quickly replaced the coil and the car came alive again—seven minutes and six seconds too late. Though he was eight laps down, Andretti drove as fast as the leaders and eventually regained ninth. Then near the end of the race his engine refused to rev as high as it should, and he dropped back to 12th at the checkered flag.

Two caution periods triggered by stalls and spinouts, courtesy of Sheldon Kinser, had allowed Sneva to stay on Ongais' tail in the early going, and when the green light came on after the second, Sneva snapped ahead of Ongais for a momentary lead. But by the time they reached Turn Three at the far end of the backstretch, Danny had recaptured the lead. That pattern held for most of the race's first half. Ongais clearly had the straightaway edge in the two-car duel, while Sneva was quicker in the corners, and in the pits. Penske had drilled his pit crews with a discipline that would have delighted Frederick the Great

But this was a strong field, with fully eight cars capable of taking the lead should either Ongais or Sneva falter. The 33 qualifiers had set a record with an average speed of 192.584 mph—a shade faster than the mark set by the cars that ran in the wreck-marred 1973 race. Back of the dueling leaders lay a pack of watchers and waiters, and among them was Al Unser. By the 70th lap he was ready to make his move.

"Even last night I was very worried about the chassis setup," Al said later of his Chaparral. "I didn't want to take any chances in the early laps for fear of bad handling, but as we wore along I knew she was holding real good."

Unser screwed up the boost in his turbocharger—a cockpit maneuver that increases horsepower but decreases gas mileage—and blew past first Sneva and then Ongais. With 75 of 200 laps gone, Roger Penske's dire forecast of the night before had come true.

Turning laps in the high 180-mph range and occasionally bursting past 190, Al opened a lead that had grown to 23 seconds by the time he neared the race's halfway mark. "The car kept getting better and better," he said. "I could see Sneva's signal board when the pit crew flashed him his speeds, and I knew he was turning laps at 190, but all I really knew was that I was passing everyone. I was pretty certain we had enough fuel left to finish the 500 miles, and probably enough to turn up the boost even higher."

Still, half a race in the bag does not a Borg-Warner Trophy make, as many a

leader has learned through the years. Ongais was still holding a steady second, with Sneva and Johncock also on the same lap with Unser. Yellow caution periods—there were six all told—ended Ongais in his pit stops for fuel and tires, and with less than one-third of the race to go, Al's fat lead had gone to Weight Watchers as he and Ongais pitted simultaneously with the race at full speed. This was one of those classic pit-crew duels that delight the true Indy fan—a man who has nicked many a knuckle working on his own car. Both cars boiled into the pit road and braked only at the last instant. Wrenches thumped, methanol whooshed into the 40-gallon fuel tanks and then they were off again. This time around, Unser's lead was only 5.8 seconds. But this was to be Ongais' last gasp. With 55 laps to go—137½ miles—Ongais' engine suddenly spouted a gout of blue smoke. His turbocharger had popped, and the car was finished after a fine and nearly victorious day.

With Ongais gone, that left only Sneva on the same lap as Unser. Mears, who had followed orders and run a conservative seventh, had gone out 41 laps earlier than Ongais with a blown turbocharger. Johncock, struggling every mile of the way in his four-cylinder-powered Wildcat, simply had not been able to keep pace with the leaders and their Cosworth V-8 engines over the long haul although he ran third or fourth throughout most of the race because of masterful driving. There was further frustration for Gordy. He overshot his pit on one occasion, and when his crew pushed his Wildcat

back, Johncock was penalized one lap.

Gordy was not alone in being docked. Two-time winner Rutherford was assessed a one-lap penalty for a similar pit infraction during a stop to repair a faulty exhaust system, and Johncock's teammate Steve Krisiloff, who finished fourth, was fined a lap for passing a car when the yellow caution lights were on. As for Foyt, he had the power he needed, but he had no chance for a fifth Indy because his Coyote handled poorly and frequently stalled on pit stops.

The misfortunes and foul-ups of others aside, Al Unser continued to build his lead over Sneva on his own. Then on his final pit stop Al almost did himself in. Braking too late in his time-shaving rush, he overshot the pit and slammed into a replacement tire laid out by his crew on the pit road. The chassis of his red, white and blue Chaparral was badly bent just aft of the right front wing. "I came in too fast," he lamented later. "I came in too hard. I was fortunate to have a cushion over Sneva. That damaged wing could have killed us."

Sneva, lying 28 seconds—nearly half the track—behind Al, made one final charge. The margin shrunk rapidly—20 seconds, 15, 13, then fewer than 10. But time and distance were now Al's pals and his car had enough left to make it to the finish still in front, its weakened wing sagging perilously on every turn. "I didn't know I had it made until I saw the checkered flag fall," he said. "How do I feel? I tell you what, when you win this race it don't make a dang bit of difference how you feel."

END

With the smoke that signaled a broken turbocharger—and the end of his deal with Unser—still drifting through the pits, Danny Ongais climbs out of his car



THE BIG RED ENDED UP RED-FACED

Taking 20 of 27 faceoffs, Johns Hopkins broke Cornell's 42-game winning streak to become the NCAA lacrosse champs

by JOE MARSHALL



With only seconds to play in last Saturday's NCAA championship lacrosse game, Johns Hopkins fans burst out singing "Aaa-men, aaa-men, aaaaa-men, amen, amen!" For the Blue Jays the chant joyously proclaimed a new national champion. For rival Cornell it sounded a knell to one of the best teams and the longest winning streak in college lacrosse history. Going into the game with Hopkins, the Big Red had won a record 42 straight. None of the 15 seniors on the squad had ever lost at Cornell. But in its last game, in front of a crowd of 17,500 at Rutgers, this celebrated team finally came out on the short end of the lacrosse stick. When the singing ended, so had Cornell's string by a score of 13-8.

In all likelihood the NCAA final also marked the end of a major component of the game of lacrosse—the fireoff. Hoping to speed up play, the lacrosse rules committee has recommended that a team that has been scored upon simply pass the ball in bounds in the manner of basketball. As the rules stand now, a face-off is held at midfield following each goal. The NCAA will probably approve that recommendation in the near future. To-

morrow would not be soon enough for Cornell, which lost 20 of 27 faceoffs and, thereby, the NCAA title.

By coincidence, the only other time the Blue Jays won the 8-year-old NCAA tournament the site was also Rutgers and the winning margin was also five goals. Cornell Coach Richie Moran watched that 1974 championship game between Hopkins and Maryland from a grassy bank above the southeast end of Rutgers Stadium. If a smile flickered across his face that day, it was understandable. In the spring of 1974 Moran had completed his most successful recruiting year. No doubt he sensed that it was just a matter of time before he would return to the finals and regain the title he had won in 1971.

In 1975 Moran's recruits, playing on a freshman squad, quickly showed their mettle by putting together a 9-0 record. The next season they were the backbone of the first team to win an NCAA tournament while going undefeated. Last year the Big Red duplicated that feat. When they beat Hopkins 16-11 seven weeks ago, they stretched their winning streak to 34 to break the collegiate rec-

ord of 33 straight set by Navy between 1964 and 1967.

The fact that Navy's string had been broken by another Hopkins team was not viewed by anyone as an omen in the days before last week's finals. Instead, lacrosse enthusiasts were busily likening Cornell to the great teams of the past. Comparisons were most frequently drawn with Coach Bill Biderback's Navy squads that won eight straight national championships between 1960 and 1967, when the title was decided by a vote of coaches. Or perhaps Cornell was more similar to the Hopkins team that did not lose a college game for four straight seasons between 1947 and 1950. If Cornell was not quite the equal of those clubs, it certainly ranked with the 1973 Maryland powerhouse that won the title and seemed on the verge of establishing a dynasty. Those were the Terps who were upset by Hopkins in the following year's championship game at Rutgers. Surely, no one could overlook so obvious an omen.

But almost all the experts did and, as the final neared, the only ones who gave Hopkins a chance were the Blue Jays themselves. To their way of thinking,



PHOTOGRAPH BY CO FENTIMESTER

Three-time All-America Mike O'Neill had a goal and two assists as Hopkins broke open the game

no Blue Jay forgot who his opponent was. The Lacrosse Hall of Fame is located at Hopkins, natch, and among its treasures is a mannequin decked out in the uniform of the previous year's NCAA Division I champion. For the past two years, that dummy has worn carmelian and white. After Tuesday's practice, Ciccarone treated his players to some of his wife Sue's cheesecake, which he served up in the Hall of Fame so his players could get a good taste of the Cornell mannequin.

The other suffering Blue Jay was senior Attackman Mike O'Neill. Back in the spring of 1974, when Moran was rounding up his prize class, O'Neill was considered the best prospect in the country. Two of his teammates at Massapequa (N.Y.) High, Attackman Tom Marino and Midfielder Craig Jaeger, became stars at Cornell. Marino and O'Neill had planned to go to college together. Both were accepted at Hopkins and put on the waiting list at Cornell. O'Neill didn't want, Marino did. But when it came to a national championship, it was O'Neill who was left twiddling his thumbs.

O'Neill, a three-time All-America, is the undisputed leader of the Blue Jays, the sole captain of a team that had had at least two captains every season from 1952 to 1977. He is the consummate attackman, equally adept at shooting and feeding, tough on ground balls and relentless at riding on clears. "He is totally unselfish," says Hopkins Assistant Coach Jerry Schnydmann. "Some attackmen have to score their goals. Michael couldn't care less."

O'Neill dedicated this season to winning a national championship, and his single-mindedness rubbed off on his teammates. Usually a loose and lively bunch, the Blue Jays came to Rutgers displaying all the frivolity of a group of CPAs getting ready to tackle tax returns. Sensing the magnitude of the moment, O'Neill's friends brought his dog Blaney up from Baltimore to witness the game.

Hopkins' strategy was to prevent Cor-

nell from fast-breaking, and to do this the Blue Jays had to control the faceoffs. Their faceoff man is freshman Midfielder Ned Radebaugh, who learned his specialty from his older brother Doug, a member of Maryland's 1973 team and one of the best faceoff men in lacrosse history. During most of last week's game Radebaugh's Cornell counterpart was Jaeger, whose favorite faceoff technique is to clamp the ball to the ground under the head of his stick while butting his opponent out of position with a shoulder. To counter this move, Radebaugh also clamped the ball, but instead of going shoulder to shoulder against Jaeger's blocks, he ducked underneath the Cornellian's thrusts. Jaeger was frequently left off balance, blocking nothing but air, while Radebaugh raked the ball away. The tactic worked so well that during one stretch in the second, third and fourth quarters Radebaugh controlled 13 consecutive faceoffs.

That string helped Hopkins overcome the 4-2 lead Cornell held early in the second quarter, but it was not enough to break the game open. With his team leading only 9-7 at the start of the fourth quarter, Radebaugh began a Hopkins surge, beating Jaeger badly on a faceoff. That ignited a fast break, with O'Neill passing perfectly to Attackman Jim Bidne for the goal. Midway through the quarter O'Neill scored his only goal of the game, unassisted, on another fast break to give Hopkins an 11-7 lead. Two minutes later he clinched the win by feeding a perfect assist from behind the goal to Attackman Frank Cutrone, who pumped in the score that made it 12-7. For the day O'Neill had three assists and twice drew penalties that led to extra-man goals for Hopkins.

In the raucous Blue Jay dressing room Ciccarone was carried fully clothed into a shower and then doused with champagne by players who now bore no resemblance to CPAs. "Winning the title is great," he said, "but beating Cornell after what they've done to us, well..." Ciccarone could not find words to express the sweetness of his triumph. He really didn't need to. The chorus of cheers had said it all.

there have been not just one, but two great teams in lacrosse the past two seasons. Going into its game with the Big Red, Hopkins had its own NCC 24-game winning streak dating back to 1976. Unfortunately for the Blue Jays, NCC stands for "Not Counting Cornell," because the Big Red had defeated Hopkins four straight times during that period.

Cornell's domination was particularly painful for two Blue Jays. One was Coach Henry (Chac) Ciccarone, who succeeded the highly successful Bob Scott in 1975. All Scott did to ease the way for Ciccarone was bow out by winning the 1974 NCAA title. At Hopkins, which still considers itself the center of lacrosse, national titles are expected by everyone. Blue Jay coaches do not celebrate when they win a championship; they breathe sighs of relief. Ciccarone had never won one, and in each of the past two years his team had been eliminated by the Big Red. To make matters worse, Hopkins President Steven Muller had previously served as a Cornell vice-president. He considers losing to the Big Red an unpardonable sin.

Last week Ciccarone made sure that

WHATEVER HAPPENS, IT'LL BE WASHINGTON

As they headed back home, the SuperSonics (state) held a 2-1 lead over the Bullets (district) in their playoff for the NBA title **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

By the time the War Between The Washingtons—the D.C. Bullets vs. the Seattle SuperSonics—for the basketball championship of the world finally concludes sometime next November, Wes Unseld and Paul Silas will eminently deserve to be jointly commemorated with a monument. It should be constructed of brick, in keeping with their shared shooting touch. It should be anchored firmly to the ground—none of this new-fangled light and mobile stuff—just as the 6' 7½" Bullet center and the 6' 7" Sonic forward are when they deploy themselves under the backboards. And it should include statues of a couple of fat, over-the-hill, can't-shoot, can't-jump, can't-do-anything-but-survive-and-win NBA graybeards bumping and grinding and pounding the opposition and each other as they become the key men for their respective teams in this physical and exhausting series.

"People look at the box scores for every player in this league except two," said the Bullets' Elvin Hayes before the championship round commenced. "Paul and Wes never need no stats."

Hayes entered the discussion the way he usually does, not so much to praise others as to point out what a heavy hitter he is in the statistics columns. Yet little did the Big E realize how meaningful his words would become as Washington (the Seattle branch) came back east last week to take a 2-1 lead in the series.

It was both Unseld's and Silas' third appearance in the NBA finals. Unseld came into this one at age 32 with knees going on 62; Silas arrived at 34, shortly after becoming a grandfather. In the first two games their shot lines read: Unseld six for 15, Silas four for 11—and those numbers do not reflect all of the outrageous rocks they hurled at the basket, or their bewildering array of misses from the three-foot range. Nor do they indicate how greatly Silas' defensive effort

on Hayes (plus 12 rebounds) contributed to Seattle's 106-102 victory in Game 1, or how Unseld's stolid presence, his rebounds (15) and assists (5), his picks and screens and his absolute shutdown of 7' 1" Seattle Center Marvin Webster (three for 11 shooting) in Game 2 saved a 106-98 decision for the Bullets.

In Game 3 last Sunday afternoon, however, Unseld was unable to contain Webster—Marvin scored 20 points to Wes' duce—and Hayes was defused by Silas, who applied a whole lot of grizzly-bear fronting and sidling defense in addition to pulling down a team-high 14 rebounds. Seattle took the lead for good in the fourth period and was able to survive bonehead plays by its two heroes—Dennis Johnson and Silas—to hold on for the 93-92 breakthrough victory.

The potentially disastrous events for the Sonics occurred barely six seconds apart, at the very end of what up to that time had been a rough defensive struggle (Johnson, for example, held Kevin Grevey to 1-for-14 shooting and knocked seven shots back at the Bullet guards). With nine seconds remaining, the Sonics leading 93-90 and the ball under their own basket, Johnson threw an inbounds pass directly to Washington's Tom Henderson, who hit the breakaway layup going the other way to make the score 93-92, with five seconds to go. Next Silas, hurrying an inbounds pass with three seconds left, was called for stepping over the end line, and Washington had one more chance. But Bobby Dandridge's jump shot from deep in the corner curled around the rim and out; Hayes, way up there for the tip-in, never got a chance to make it. The scenario was all too typical of the Bullets; their two stellar forwards, after scoring 44 points be-

tween them through three quarters, converted only two of eight in the final period.

"I'm not thinking philosophy or destiny out there," said Dandridge, "but nobody does more pushing than Silas."

"Silas is a hatchet man. I'm being chopped to death," said Hayes.

There were other odd aspects to this series, not the least of which was that it matched third- and fourth-place teams, which is where the Bullets and Sonics finished in their respective conferences in the regular season. There was the weird schedule, too, which dictated that the series start with one game in Seattle, then two games in Landover, Md., two in Seattle, one in Landover, one in Seattle. It was something like the tie-break court switch in tennis, which nobody can figure out either.

Then there was the spectacle of the



Webster and Unseld, a quarter ton of center, go up against each other for a rebound in Game 2

Bullets, having upset the fussin' and feudin' 76ers in the previous round, becoming the splittin', spittin' image of those same 76ers.

In Game 1, after blowing a 19-point lead and watching Fred Brown score 16 points in the final 9½ minutes in the process of losing to Seattle, the Bullets arrived home to be greeted by a press and public that had not forgotten the team's 0-4 performances in the 1971 and 1975 NBA finals.

Hayes, who reinforced his reputation as basketball's quintessential choker in Game 1 by hiding in the fourth quarter while being terrorized by Silas, accepted media criticism with E-quantimety. "I ain't talkin' to no press," he said. "All that stuff is history. You want history, you can go to the library."

None of the reference books, however, explained why Dandridge scored only

six points in the opener when, as he likes to tell his coach, Dick Motta, while skipping practice, "I'm an artist, not a house painter."

Motta, who had witnessed Hayes and Dandridge destroy the flashy Sixers and bring his team what he termed "a victory for the work ethic over earnings," must have wondered how his high-scoring forwards could turn into Marian the Librarian and Sherwin Williams with the NBA title on the line.

Hayes' and Dandridge's response was to blast Unsel'd. "It's the same old story," said Dandridge. "The other team just leaves Wes alone and double-teams us inside. If Wes were capable of making those 15-footers, we'd be O.K."

And Hayes said, "Our guards get criticized for not playing defense, our forwards for not scoring, but I never hear a word about our center. Mitch Kupchak

can shoot. He ought to play more."

Though Unsel'd referred to these remarks as the work of "a prostitute sports-writer," the quotes were accurate. So, as it turned out, were Hayes' and Dandridge's shots in Game 2.

In the first quarter, the two men out-scored the entire Seattle team 17-16, and the Bullets raced to a 39-23 lead before Guards Gus Williams and Johnson brought the Sonics back to within four points at halftime, 56-52.

The visitors kept zeroing in on the lead in the second half, but each time Hayes—plagued with four fouls—did something to avert disaster: at 68-63, a savage block of a Jack Sikma shot high over the rim; at 70-65, three straight baskets; at 94-88 (now with five fouls), good defense, forcing Sikma into an air-ball; then on offense, drawing two men into the lane and passing to Unsel'd for an open layup.

More significantly, Hayes and Unsel'd kept crossing the key laterally to pick off Silas, thus freeing Hayes for 25 points. In fact, Sikma, Silas, Webster and John Johnson—the Sonics' renowned Goldilocks and the Three Bears frontenders—were bounced around so violently underneath that they only scored a combined 36 points.

By himself, Dandridge did his back-to-normal Picasso act all over Johnson's face, backing in, turning and firing for 34 points. More Bullet muscle was supplied by Henderson, a stocky playmaker who mostly drove for 20 points and contributed some stiff defense on Brown.

Having figured a way to liberate Hayes from Silas' close guarding (by beating up on the Sonics' grandpa), Motta announced, "That's our game, Hayes and Dandridge going off tackle. People know where we're going. They're just going to have to stop us."

Which is what the Sonics did in the fourth quarter on Sunday. Dandridge scored one point in the last 14:10 of the game while Silas took personal care of the Silent E.

"I don't notice anything Silas does," said Kupchak, "until I turn around and he has a rebound or a tip, and Elvin isn't anywhere near the ball."

As the series returned to Seattle—where a pro record crowd of 44,000 was expected to witness Game 4 in the Kingdome—all the Bullets were noticing Silas, even the librarians and house painters—er, artists.

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BOSS JR.





Hoisting one for Montreal, Captain Yvan Cournoyer basks in the reflection of that familiar Stanley Cup

THE CUP RUNNETH EVER

As expected, the Canadiens won their third straight NHL championship, but only after an unexpected battle from the Boston Bruins **by MARK MULVOY**

Fifty yards down the corridor from Boston Coach Don Cherry's office, the Montreal Canadiens are celebrating the 4-1 victory over the Bruins that wrapped up their third straight Stanley Cup championship, their ninth in the last 14 years and their 21st in all. This is how they are celebrating in their Boston Garden locker room:

Pierre Larouche, a newcomer to the Canadiens—and to winning—is alternately guzzling champagne and squirting it at his teammates, most of whom are sipping beer from cans.

Larry Robinson, the imperial defenseman who almost singlehandedly ruined Boston last week as Montreal broke open the series by winning the last two games by the same convincing score, is trying to convey the sadness he feels for the vanquished Bruins. Now, he says, "They will have to spend their summer vacations answering the most depressing question of all: 'Why didn't you win?'"

Guy Lafleur, the dynamic goal scorer, is telling linemate Steve Shurt to hurry and get dressed, that the real party will begin when the Canadiens' charter lands in Montreal.

Mario Tremblay, the 22-year-old right wing who did not even dress for 10 of Montreal's 15 playoff games, but who had scored two goals—including the Cup winner—in Thursday night's sixth game, is speaking in French to some journalist friends. He is telling them that he hopes his two-goal performance will convince General Manager Sam Pollock not to ship one Mario Tremblay off to Colorado or Cleveland or—no, Sam!—St. Louis when Pollock conducts his annual fire sale of slightly used hockey merchandise next week.

Scotty Bowman, the coach who has led the Canadiens to four Stanley Cups in his seven seasons in Montreal, is strangely subdued. For once, he has nothing to say about the officiating. He is even quiet about Boston Defenseman Brad Park, whom he had singled out as being



Although sometimes down, besieged goalie Gerry Cheevers refused to count Boston out. Next year, he vowed, we'll win.

a sneaky, dirty player. Bowman, whose contract with the Canadiens has lapsed, asks a friend, "If the Canadiens don't give me the new contract I want, where should I live in the States?" Bowman says he is weary of coaching, and, indeed, within the next few weeks could well become the general manager of the New York Rangers, the Colorado Rockies or the St. Louis Blues.

Bob Gainey, the peerless defensive forward, shadow and body checker, is quietly disagreeing with the Montreal fanatics who feel that the 1978 Canadiens rate as the best team of all time. "I don't think that this team has the same drive that last year's team had," Gainey says. "This team played a lot of games—too many, in fact—by the score. Once the game was under control, this team didn't work as hard. Last year's team played every game until the tank was empty."

Red Fisher of the *Montreal Star*, who has covered every Canadian team for the last 24 years, is agreeing with Gainey. "This team didn't have a Beliveau or a Henri Richard at center, a Rocket Richard and a Boom-Boom Geoffrion at right wing. And as good as Robinson, Serge Savard and Guy Lapointe are on defense, I don't think any one of them is a Doug Harvey. To me, any of those Canadian teams of the late '50s—when Montreal won five straight Stanley Cups—was better than this '78 team."

Ken Dryden, the lawyer-goaltender, is disputing Gainey's thesis and not commenting on Fisher's. "This team had more depth and better flexibility than any of the Cup champions I've played on," Dryden says.

Savard, who works alongside Robinson and now has played on seven Cup teams in his 11 seasons with Montreal,

seconds Dryden's opinion. "What really makes this club the best of them all is the fact that we don't have even one bad apple on it," Savard says. "For togetherness, this is by far the best group I've ever been around. When a Lafleur doesn't have a big head, when a Lafleur doesn't have a Rolls-Royce with a chauffeur, when a Lafleur doesn't go popping off in the newspapers, well, nobody does. That's the difference. We have to win, and we do win, but we don't win the way the Yankees win. We don't make noises about it."

In his office down the hall, Cherry, the beaten coach for the second straight year, is winding down from his eight-month high. "You know what really bothers the hell out of me about the damned Canadiens?" he says. "It's that they are really a bunch of good guys. I couldn't even work up a good hate

continued

against them if I tried for a month. It's easy to work up a hate for a club like Philadelphia. And I suppose—well, I know—that it's pretty easy for teams to work up a good hate against the Bruins. But hating the Canadiens is like hating your mother."

Cherry shakes his head. "It's a funny thing, or maybe right now it's not such a funny thing," he says, "but three of my best friends in hockey are those three big Canadian defensemen—Robinson, Savard and Lapointe. I got to know them real well when I was one of Team Canada's coaches during the Canada Cup in 1976. All three of them like to have the odd beer, just like me, and we all spent a lot of time together sweating it off in the sauna. Believe me, there aren't three nicer gentlemen anywhere."

Maybe not, but with friends like Robinson, Savard and Lapointe, Cherry hardly needs enemies. After the Bruins had squared the series at two games apiece by winning Games 3 and 4 in Boston, Robinson, Savard and Lapointe—no doubt the three best defenders ever to play on the same team—shut off the Boston attack with their slick stick checks and bruising body checks, and then awakened the slumbering Montreal offense with their strong rushes and their precise long passes to breaking forwards.

"Those three guys never let us do anything," Cherry says. "Lafleur's lucky he never has to play against them. And their fourth defenseman—Bill Nyrop—is unlucky because he's lost in their shadows and people will never know how good he is."

The 6' 3", 210-pound Robinson, who won the Smythe Trophy as the MVP of the playoffs, personally signaled the Canadiens' revival during the early moments of Game 5 Tuesday night at the Forum. Robinson had been one of the very few Canadiens to put out in both games at Boston, and now, back on home ice, he was even more menacing. He rattled two Bruins into the boards with hard body checks, and when some combative Bostonians tried to get at Lafleur after he had hit one of them illegally with the butt end of his stick, Robinson rushed to the scene and put an end to all overt threats.

On such occasions Robinson adopts a De Gaulleish posture: he stands squarely in the center of the fray, towering over his opponents, and lets his scowl do the

talking. Robinson fought regularly during his first few seasons with the Canadiens in the early 1970s, but he has not been challenged since one night two seasons ago when he came out of the dressing room with his skates untied and half-falling off and outpunched Philadelphia's Dave (Hammer) Schultz, then the NHL's heavyweight champion.

"I don't want to fight and hit all the time," Robinson says. "If I do, I'll end up being only 4' 8"."

Cherry vividly recalls his first contact with Robinson. "I played against him the last year I was active with Rochester in the American League," he says. "Get this. The Canadiens had sent him down to Halifax because he couldn't skate well enough. He was really thin, maybe 25 pounds lighter than the tank he is now, and he had this real big Adam's apple sticking out and a ridiculous mop of hair. I took over as coach in the middle of that season, and the next time we played Halifax I told my guys before the game, 'Lookit, you got to watch that defenseman Robinson, number whatever-it-was.' One of my players said, 'You mean that big donkey who looks like a stork?' Forget what he looked like then. You could see that Robinson had meanness, that he could really hum the puck and really skate with it. You know, I never could understand why the Canadiens sent him down to work on his skating."

Why, indeed. In Game 5 Robinson took the puck behind his own net in the eighth minute of the first period. The game was scoreless at the time. Lafleur and Park both were in the penalty box, and Robinson had plenty of ice at his disposal. He started slowly, building speed, and by the time he reached the red line he was in full flight—"Like a runaway locomotive," Boston Goulender Gerry Cheevers recalls. Robinson swooped around the overmatched Boston defense and bore in on Cheevers.

"I had to play the odds," Cheevers says. "I couldn't go out and challenge Robinson the way I'd have challenged most other players. He's got the longest reach and the longest legs I've ever seen, and he can fake you out like nothing. So I had to stay back in the crease and move across with him." It was a futile move: Robinson shot and scored.

That goal launched an all-out Montreal barrage against Cheevers, and in

short order the Canadiens had their victory, scoring each of their four goals when at least one Bruin was in the penalty box, and taking a 3-2 lead in the series. For his part, Savard assisted on Robinson's goal and also helped set up goals for Pierre Mondou and Pierre Larouche.

The Robinsons, Savards, Lafleurs and Drydens aside, what distinguishes the Canadiens from the pretenders in the NHL is their exceptional depth. Or quality in numbers, as Bowman calls it, thinking about the Mondous, Larouches and Tremblays, who would be stars in other cities—Larouche, in fact, once was the star of the Pittsburgh Penguins—but are not considered mature enough to play regularly in Montreal.

"Over the last 10 years the Bruins have had 11 first-round draft choices," says Boston General Manager Harry Sinden. "Over that same period Montreal—because of all the deals Pollock has made—has had probably 30 first-round picks. The difference is about 19 players. In effect, the Canadiens have had two teams to play around with for 10 years, while everybody else has had only one."

In 1974 the wily Pollock used one of his five first-round selections in the amateur lottery to pick Tremblay, then an 18-year-old with the Junior Canadiens. In 1975 Pollock used one of his two first-round choices to take Mondou, a center for the Junior Canadiens. Then, last November, using a top draft choice in a reverse way, Pollock packaged his disappointing No. 1 pick in 1976, Peter Lee, and fading star Peter Mahovlich and mailed them to Pittsburgh in exchange for the 22-year-old Larouche and, of course, "future considerations."

Tremblay is a dogged board man and a tough fighter. Mondou is shifter than even Lafleur, and Larouche is a sniper who two years ago scored 53 goals for the Penguins. Still, Tremblay dressed for just the last three games of the Boston series and only after Bowman decided that the Canadiens needed more heart and muscle against the Bruins. Mondou played mostly in spurts, unleashed by Bowman when the coach thought the Bruins were dragging. And Larouche sat out the first four games of the Boston series, dressing for the last two only after Bowman decided that the Montreal power play needed some pep.

"When there are guys like that sitting around and waiting to take your job, you

continued

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keep your rear in gear," says Shutt. Gagny agrees. "Mondou's just about ready to play 27, 28 minutes a game," he says. "When he does, you'll be hearing his name a lot—just like you hear Lafleur's."

Jacques Lemaire, Shutt's center on the line with Lafleur, hardly thought it much of a joke when Shutt recently said of Mondou, "In two years this team will have a topflight center."

While Mondou and Tremblay are products of the Canadiens' system and have bided their time as irregulars, Larouche is not yet what Savard calls "a Canadian" and, in fact, may never become one. "Larouche is not used to hard work," Savard says, "because everything has always come too easy for him. He has the feeling that because he scored 53 goals one season for Pittsburgh, he should be on the ice with the Canadiens."

Bowman, for his part, berates Larouche mercilessly, on the ice and off. "I don't understand you," he snaps at Larouche. "The hardest thing to do in hockey is put the puck in the net, and you can do that blindfolded. The easiest thing to do in hockey is check, but you won't even try to do that. Pierre, I'll tell you this. Until you learn how to check, until you come onto the ice ready to work, you're not going to play too much for Montreal."

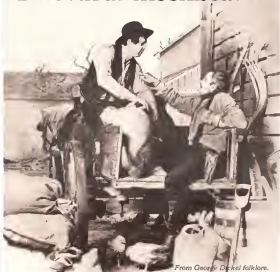
Larouche played only sparingly in the decisive sixth game Thursday night, but Tremblay—worried sick about his job security—scored his two goals and Mondou, taking a regular turn at center for the first time in the finals, directly set up two of the Montreal goals, one of Tremblay's, the other by Shutt. The final Montreal goal was credited to Rejean Houle, but it actually was accidentally tipped past Cheevers by one of his defensemen.

Although the Bruins scored the first goal, something they did in five of the six games, Montreal assumed total command early and checked the Bruins into submission, limiting them to a mere 16 shots at Dryden, who had to make only two testing saves.

Cheevers, the beaten goalie, tried to look at the series positively. "Last year we didn't beat the Canadiens in any of the games in the finals," he said. "This year we won two games. Well, next year we'll win four games." He smiled. "Now I know how Alydar must feel. We came close to the Canadiens, but we couldn't pass them."

END

George Dickel Tennessee sippin' whisky. Smooth as moonbeams.



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**"Never take your time
gettin' grain to George Dickel!"**

—Gabe Wooster, Farmer, 1871

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"Fact is, 'Ol George takes his sweet time makin' and agin' his whisky. Just to make sure it's all smooth sippin'."

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The St. Louis Art Museum's new trustee had hit two doubles and a single off Pirate pitching that afternoon and now, dressed in khaki trousers, tennis shoes and a PROPERTY OF PHILADELPHIA EAGLES T shirt, he was ready to go home for dinner. "I wear the Eagle shirt because I like underdogs," Ted Simmons said. "Let everybody else wear Dallas Cowboy T shirts. The Eagles need all the help they can get." He slipped behind the wheel of his Dodge van and immediately apologized for its lack of pretension, for its being a Philadelphia Eagle, so to speak, of the automotive world. "You'll notice I don't drive a Rolls or anything like that. This is it, I'm afraid. If you collect antique furniture you need something big, and you sure can't afford a second car."

Simmons, the antique collector, the museum trustee, is also a 300-punting catcher for the St. Louis Cardinals, and he looks the part: 6 feet, 200 pounds, hooded blue eyes peering out from strands of unruly black hair, an almost truculent mien, the sort of try-me posture that supposedly sets successful professional athletes apart from the run of humankind. But earlier, in the clubhouse, he had been talking not of fastballs, high and tight, but about the courage of Thomas More. "Now that's what I call sticking with your convictions, no matter what the consequences," Simmons had said of More's fatal stand against the wishes of Henry VIII. And here in the van, on his way home to suburban Creve Coeur, he was authoritatively discussing the evolution of the fireplace in American households. "Early in the 18th century and before that, everything was done before the open-hearth fireplace. People cooked there, ate

there, socialized there in its warmth. In the Middle Atlantic colonies the average temperature in those houses in winter was about 34°, so they had huge fireplaces, five to six feet high, 10 to 12 feet wide. The utensils they used were incredibly inventive. But during the latter part of the 18th century and in the Industrial Revolution, as technology advanced and people got more affluent, the fireplaces got smaller, less important. The tools got smaller and fewer. Some were no longer necessary. People's tastes changed. Craftsmanship became less important. The fireplace was no longer the center of activity. Separate rooms—kitchens—were used for cooking. That's why fireplace utensils from early-to-mid-18th century are so valuable and beautiful."

Simmons parked the van in front of a modest three-level town house in a quiet tree-shadowed neighborhood. He was greeted at the door by a slim, tanned young woman with fine facial bones. "My wife Maryanne," he said. The house is a modern structure, but inside it the Simmons have re-created the 18th century. Their guest was invited to sit in any of five William and Mary chairs, made between 1710 and 1720, or on a Hepplewhite sofa, circa 1790. A Chippendale chest, circa 1770, held an assortment of pottery and cooking utensils used by the colonists. A candlestick dated to 1680, a set of pipe tongs to 1779, brass andirons to 1806. Simmons picked up a heavy heart-shaped metal object and invited a visitor to guess what it was. After some wild guesses, he announced that it was an 18th-century waffle iron.

The Simmons are serious collectors, and as if to confirm this, Ted disparaged a chair next to the Hepplewhite. He identified it as a hybrid of two periods—a delicate William and Mary-type back surmounting heavy Queen Anne legs. He said that because of its bastard design the chair was not especially valuable.

It was Simmons' impressive knowledge of antiques that got him elected to the art museum's board of trustees in February, although the board certainly did not fail to take into account his potential as a fund raiser for an institution undergoing a \$6.6 million renovation. "I had gotten to know some of the people on the board," Simmons said. "They knew that this was no passing thing with me; that I would get involved. It doesn't matter to them, and it doesn't matter to me that I'm a ballplayer." The trustees also duly noted Simmons' donation of \$500 to the Decorative Art Society's Roland and Margaret Jester Endowment Fund. He had received that sum from the Missouri Athletic Club for being named the state's Sports Personality of the Year. His acceptance speech fairly stunned the 740 members and guests at the club's banquet on Feb. 6. The dinner usually turns out to be a roast, insult humor supplanting conventional courtesy. Simmons cut the comedy with a sober talk that was accorded a standing ovation.

"There are a number of things I want to talk about tonight," he began. "I've been accused of being too serious before, but I think these things need to be said." Then he examined the role of athletics in society, deploring the emphasis on money, litigation, and interminable quarreling that have characterized sports in recent years. "All of this

HE'S SOME PIECE OF WORK

Cardinals Catcher Ted Simmons is a collector of antiques and an art museum trustee. But none of his old treasures is as masterfully wrought as his game

by RON FIMRITE

has detracted from the essential beauty of the games," he said. "Fans go to see their favorite teams, to compare them, dream about them. . . . These feelings about sports are in jeopardy. I want people to think about the good of the game and what it offers. I grew up in Detroit. At nine years of age I

played baseball, football, basketball, anything to keep me off the streets and out of trouble, though it didn't always work. By 17 I received a bonus contract with the Cardinals, which allowed me to attend the University of Michigan and Wayne State in the off-season. Without athletics, I couldn't have accomplished my education. . . . I don't know what would have become of me. . . . What I've gained through sports, I don't want to lose. . . ."

"My timing at that dinner was right," Simmons said, sitting cross-legged on the floor. "The other speakers were jocular and off-the-cuff. Then I hit 'em with something serious. I think it was a good thing to do because I'm serious about the image the athlete now has. I want to change the stereotype of the athlete as an imbecilic, money-grubbing muscle machine. People don't appreciate the innate intelligence required of a good athlete. I hate that term 'dumb jock.' I've never met a really dumb good athlete, although I do recall an All-America football player getting up in a class at Michigan to ask what the CIA happened to be.

"It doesn't help our reputations much when people turn on their TV and find one of us up there making an idiot of himself on a commercial. I mean the kind of commercials in which some half-naked athlete is up there singing and holding a can of deodorant under his arm. The worst of it is, the ones who are doing it are the ones who need it the most. There's nothing wrong with an athlete being used to

sell a product. The one in which Carlton Fisk endorses snuff is O.K., but how'd you like to be Larry Conka doing that deodorant number? If an athlete is going to do this kind of thing, he ought to exercise a little discretion, preserve his dignity. I remember some time ago I

are you doing this? What kind of money can they pay you to make such a fool of yourself? Whatever it was, it wasn't worth it. An athlete should have a sense of responsibility. Things like that leave everyone with the misconception that we'll do anything for money."

Simmons has a keen perception of his own dignity. He is also aware of certain misconceptions about himself. One of these is that while he is certainly one of baseball's finest hitters, he is no more than a mediocre catcher. To be sure, early in his career Simmons was no Johnny Bench. In 1974 and '75 he had a total of 42 passed balls, and his 28 in '75 were one shy of the league record set in 1900. But although his improvement in recent seasons has been dramatic—he had only nine passed balls in '76 and eight last year—the criticism of his fielding continues.

"Teddy has really worked on his catching the last few years," says Cardinal Pitcher John Denny. "I no longer worry about pitches thrown in the dirt because I know he'll block them. His arm has always been strong, but his throwing is more consistent now. A couple of seasons ago there might have been some question about his catching, but he has completely erased that now. Trouble is, he hits the ball so well that you overlook his defense, you forget he's an all-round player. He has taken the time to study his pitchers. He understands what we can and can't do, and he uses what we have. He wants to win so badly that his intensity out there picks you up. He has a command. He

says things so forcefully that you come away believing. I think his problem a few years ago was concentration. He was just a little absentminded. He's a very intelligent man with a lot on his mind."

"I think he was concentrating on his hitting while he was catching," says fellow



Bob Forsch's April no-hitter evoked Simmons' usual all-out enthusiasm

turned on the set and there was Jimmy Connors, singing some ridiculous song. He was terrible, of course, and when it was over, he threw his arms up in a kind of triumphant gesture. The half-moons of sweat on his shirt reached almost to his waist. I said to myself, 'Oh man, why

low Catcher Tim McCarver of the Phillies, who was Simmons' teammate in 1973 and '74. "An outfielder can afford to do that. A catcher can't. It takes a long time for a catcher to get established. We're a different breed. But Teddy is thinking like a catcher now, and that's what it takes. He has everything else. He's the toughest guy behind the plate since John Roseboro, and he has terrific stamina. Sometimes I think the Cardinals are trying to kill him, catching him in all those games in that St. Louis heat. If they caught him 130 games instead of 150, he'd hit .360. What can you say about a man who switch-hits and has no weaknesses at the plate? He can wait on the curveball, and he's quick enough to get around on the fastball. If he played in Cincinnati, where the ball really carries, he'd hit from 30 to 35 home runs, the way Bench does. He plays in Death Valley and still hits more than 20."

"He's the most underrated catcher in baseball," says Pittsburgh Manager Chuck Tanner. "You talk about Bench, Fisk and Munson. Well, he belongs with them. And he is one of the best switch hitters ever."

Simmons' toughness and his new confidence behind the plate were amply demonstrated in a game earlier this season against Philadelphia. With the Phillies' speedy Jerry Martin on first base in a tie game, Garry Maddox stroked a single to center that St. Louis' Tony Scott bobbled for an error. Martin, running with the pitch, rounded third and raced for home. Scott recovered in time to hit cutoff man Garry Templeton, who threw high to the plate. Simmons made a leaping one-hand catch and landed on his feet facing third with the plate blocked. Martin slid directly into him, but Simmons held fast to make the tag. It was an amazing display of agility and physical strength, and Simmons was demonstrably proud of the play. "He never got there, did he?" he said.

Still, his prowess with the bat tends to overshadow such defensive gems. In his seven full seasons in St. Louis, Simmons has batted better than .300 five times, driven in more than 100 runs twice and more than 90 five times. In 1975 he hit .332 with 18 homers and 100 RBIs. After a "sub-par" .291 season in '76, he hit .318 last year with 21 homers and 95 RBIs. And the Cards can hardly blame their slow start this season on Simmons. Although his team was in the National

League East cellar at the end of last week, he was batting a stinging .325.

A somewhat better hitter lefthanded than righthanded early in his career, Simmons has worked hard to correct the imbalance. Now he is equally effective from both sides of the plate; last season he batted .325 lefty and .307 righty. McCarver's assessment of Simmons' indestructibility seems almost an understatement. He caught 144 games in '77, two fewer than league leader Gary Carter of Montreal and nine more than Bench. That was a truly remarkable demonstration of durability when it is considered that half of Simmons' games were played in steamy Busch Stadium, a ball park that in the words of Casey Stengel "holds the heat well." Since 1971 he has played an average of 151 games a year, counting occasional duty at first and third and in the outfield. In any other time, in any other league, he might well be consid-

ered the premier player at his position. Alas, he is a contemporary of Bench, who catches for a team that almost annually makes the playoffs. The Cardinals have not been in postseason competition since Simmons joined them full-time.

"I suppose there was a time when I didn't feel properly recognized," Simmons concedes. "All I heard was Bench, Fisk and Munson. But I have rationalized that rather conveniently, I think. If you find yourself playing in front of millions of people on television for a couple of weeks in the playoffs and the World Series, then you are going to be noticed a lot more. People in Montana who never see a major league game in person are going to know who you are. That's easy for me to understand, and I'm not bitter in the least. If I were to play under those circumstances, I think I'd be pretty well known, too. That's the important thing about winning. Look,



Simmons, who specializes in 18th-century American antiques, takes his stance before his favorite display

by now you know what I'm going to do in a season, and so do I. I've been pretty consistent. I've achieved my personal goals three or four times, so I no longer worry about them. There's one thing I haven't done—win. If your team wins, good things happen to everybody on it. I know full well that you can hit .330 and still feel very empty."

In recent years emptiness has become intolerable to Simmons, who has matured into a multifaceted individual. His cultural awakening was a fairly recent phenomenon, and it left him with serious questions about the course his life was taking. "I was wild and carefree when I started going to school at Michigan," he recalls. "I was the jock stereotype, interested in only one thing—playing baseball. You could have showed me a Cézanne then, and I would have said, 'That's nice.' Maryanne changed all that." The Simmons had known

each other in high school, but it was not until they were students together at Michigan that he realized Maryanne was "the girl I wanted to marry." She was a fine arts major, whose concerns obviously extended beyond the baseball diamond. "Her interests rubbed off on me," Simmons says. "I guess you could say I opened the door for him," she agrees, "but now I seem to be riding on his coattails."

Their mutual involvement in antiques began in Tulsa, during Ted's last season as a minor league player, and was enhanced upon their arrival in St. Louis by Roland Jester, a longtime dealer and connoisseur, and his wife Margaret, who died last December. "They opened up a whole new world to me," says Simmons. The bearded, white-haired Jester praises his protégé as "a very discerning man, an excellent collector with a hell of a memory." Simmons has also attacked his subject with predictable single-mindedness, poring over innumerable back copies of *Antiques* magazine and such volumes as *The Furniture Treasury*, *The Blue Book of Philadelphia Furniture* and *American Furniture: Queen Anne and Chippendale Periods*.

Simmons' doggedness was evident from the moment he joined the Cardinals for good in 1970. Like many youngsters of the period, the 20-year-old soon rebelled against traditional values. And he was unyielding even when it became evident that his views did not sit well in a community as conservative as St. Louis. He denounced the Vietnam war and was outspoken in his contempt for the Nixon Administration. He allowed his hair to grow to his shoulders; that gave him a leonine look and earned him the nickname Simba, which he retains, though he is comparatively well-groomed today. At that time, he was a lion roaring his defiance. "I guess I was experiencing a kind of identity crisis," he says. "I was trying to make a statement." His remarks to the newspapers on political matters, coupled with his fielding lapses, made him a ready target for Busch Stadium boo birds. Simmons responded with angry assertions that St. Louis' reputation as a "great baseball town" was much inflated.

That history vindicated him is small comfort to Simmons. But he has achieved both peace of mind and peace with the fans. "For a while there, the louder the fans got, the louder I got," he says. "I

made my statement too loud and too long. My crusades are over now. I'm completely at peace with the world. It was nice to be right about some things, but I didn't really pay much of a price for my convictions, not like Jane Fonda or Tom Hayden or lots of others. All I got was a few boos. Talk about paying the price—Thomas More was right, and they cut off his head. He is one of my alltime heroes, a man of principle, willing to stick with what he believed to the end, right or wrong. 'Look, Tom,' they'd say to him, 'sure you're right about the Church and everything, but you don't have to take it this far.' He would have none of that. I didn't have to go that far, and I think in the end I gained better understanding of this city by what I did. And the people learned that if I said something, I was sincere about it. I don't want to sound too philosophical, but the one thing I've learned in my 28 years is that the only security anybody can have is in knowing himself. I'm young and I'm changing all the time, but I do know something about myself. That's a kind of happiness."

It is no small thing that Simmons should take as his hero the Man for All Seasons, who opposed Henry VIII's assumption of religious authority. "I am the king's good servant," More said on the scaffold, "but God's first." And off went his head.

Simmons is also a resolute man, and like More, he has compassion for his enemies. He made formal peace with the people of St. Louis in his speech to the Missouri Athletic Club in February. "When I first came from Detroit," he said that night, "I was disappointed in the size of this city. I didn't care for the conservative approach of the town. I've matured to some extent since then, and I've fallen in love with the intimacy of this city. I've come to understand its conservative approach. I intend to stay in St. Louis, regardless of whether I'm traded. My wife and I were transients when we came here, and I don't want that for my sons, Jon and Matthew. I want my kids to be able to go down to the Checker-dome, the stadium and anywhere else to enjoy sports as I have. I thank you very much for the honor tonight."

The deafening applause that night, followed by his appointment to the board of one of the city's most prestigious institutions, was evidence enough that St. Louis, in turn, had made its peace with him.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



is his favorite museum, the St. Louis Art Museum.



The lawns and rhododendrons of the Oregon State campus in Corvallis are dewy this spring morning as Henry Rono runs softly past. The day before, this 25-year-old Kenyan who attends Washington State had won the 10,000 meters at the Pac-8 championship meet, finishing in 27:46.6, the fastest time in the world this year. That is an extraordinary record, made as it was with no competition save a stiff wind that blew up each of the 25 homestretches, but it pales beside two of Rono's previous efforts. On April 8, in Berkeley, Calif., he ran the 5,000 in 13:08.4, to shatter the world record of Dick Quax of New Zealand by 4½ seconds. Quax had set his record last year by shaving .1 of a second off the mark established five years earlier by Emiel Puttemans of Belgium. Then, on May 13, before 200 people in a rain-soaked relay meet in Seattle, Rono ran the 3,000-meter steeplechase in 8:05.4, removing 2.6 seconds from the world record of Anders Garderud of Sweden, which was set at the Montreal Olympics final. In response to Rono's records—and it is safe to say they will not be his last—the world's runners have been fairly unanimous. "It makes you want to quit," said Frank Shorter, on hearing of the steeplechase.

Later this day, Rono will come back to win the Pac-8 5,000, so this morning's run will not be difficult. "We will go slowly for an hour," he says. "To just sweat a little, to get out the beer we drank last night with our pizza." Though his

companion is comfortable in shorts, Rono wears the bright red sweat suit of Kenya. "We are starting late," he says, shaking his wrist, upon which hangs a heavy digital timepiece. "Joshua Kimeto tuned me with my watch yesterday, and I don't know what he did. He changed the program, and it didn't wake me this morning until 7:30. Usually I run at 6:30."

Joshua Kimeto, the two-time NCAA 5,000-meter champion, is Rono's teammate at Washington State and a tribemate as well. Both runners are Nandi, the tribe of the renowned Olympic champion Kipchoge Keino. Members of the Nandi are clearly recognizable by the absence of their two middle lower front teeth. "They are not 'knocked out,'" says Kimeto. "They are removed." This is done for reasons of tribal identity and health. If a Nandi contracts lockjaw, he can be fed through a straw. And, as the remaining teeth tend to move into the gap, there is more room for wisdom teeth in the back. "I haven't seen a dentist since I was 10," says Kimeto.

As he runs, Rono begins to sweat freely, though his pace is gentle. He keeps to the shade beneath the fir trees. "It is good weather here," he says. "Like in a forest. The place I come from is 7,600 feet elevation. You can't run easily in that place, the oxygen is so rarefied."

That place is Kiptaragon village in the Nandi Hills, in Rift Valley Province of Kenya. Rono, who is 5' 9", 139 pounds and turned 25 on the day he set his steeplechase

record, has been away from the Valley for two years. He has run seriously only since he was 18. "At school I played soccer and volleyball," he says, "and I kept in my mind the idea to run later. One day in 1971 I heard that Keino was coming with other athletes to appear at a place near where I lived. He was from only three miles away, but I had never seen him, so I went. The place was a little stadium and there were many athletes there. The announcer asked Keino to put up his hand so we would know who he was, and I saw him."

"Did you speak with him?" Rono is asked.

"No. There were many people around him. The mayor of the place gave him a cup to carry, and the people who wanted to talk could put something in it, like a nickel. I stood by myself above in the stadium and watched." Rono pauses. "From that time I was a runner."

In that decision, Rono was not unlike most runners—the vow to begin is usually solitary and silent. Rono has gone on to combine his natural shyness with an unbending independence. He began running on his own, and though he spoke with other runners about training, he never had a coach in Kenya.

"My first understanding was that you could not become a distance runner quickly," Rono says. "I began gradually, not doing too much. To build my mind I started with the steeplechase."

Almost against his wishes, it seems, consumed

THE KENYA CONNECTION

Washington State is a magnet for East African runners, and the school's greatest attraction is Henry Rono, who has set two world records this year

by KENNY MOORE

he was soon running very well, winning school races, and running an 8:30 steeplechase over barriers, but without a water jump, in 1972.

The ages of schoolboys in the Rift Valley are not as standardized as in the U.S. Rono graduated from high school in 1975, at age 22. "In 1960, when I was seven, my father was working on a farm, driving a tractor, pulling a plow," Rono says. "It was the kind with many discs. A snake came up in the tires and onto the front of the tractor. My father jumped back and fell. The discs ran over him and killed him. They cut his throat and across his chest." After that, Rono lived with his grandmother and tended cattle, and that was why he started school later than he might have.

The matter-of-fact telling of his father's death evokes thoughts in Rono's running companion of the culture of the high plains of East Africa. It seems a place at once elemental and near to death, and yet sumptuous. Its people develop a realism, a clarity of judgment about such things as pain and effort, that is difficult for Westerners to share. As a distance runner, Rono has no illusions, which is good, because the case has been made that it is our illusion that we can go no faster than holds us back.

Rono went into the army after he completed secondary school, but disliked military inflexibility. Washington State was recommended to him by the brother of Kip Ngeno, who had run the high hurdles there. And in the fall of 1976 Rono turned up in Pullman after the African boycott forced the Kenya team to depart the Montreal Olympics.

That fall he won the NCAA cross-country championship. Injuries and illness dogged him through his freshman track season, but he placed second in the NCAA steeplechase, 10 yards behind his countryman James Munyala of the University of Texas at El Paso. What Rono was capable of began to be clear when he was in Europe that summer.

"In Germany I trained with Mike Bott, and one day we ran a 1,200-meter time trial. Mike ran the last lap very fast, but he isn't quite so good on the turns and I gained on him there and finished only one yard behind." Rono's time was 2:52. "Mike was very surprised. He said, 'I think you can run a mile in 3:52.' Later, when I ran a flat 3,000-meter race in

7:41, I told Mike, 'If we can find a steeplechase, I will break eight minutes.' " Eight minutes for the steeplechase is the sort of barrier no one has seriously considered, until now. "We could not find one for me," Rono recalls. "It is possible that the promoters didn't believe me."

They are believers now. The 5,000 record took care of that. "I had run 13:22 in bad weather the week before that race," says Rono. "I had a secret plan for the record, but you don't know how you will run. You know from other races, maybe, that you ought to be around a record, but you cannot know."

That race in April started slowly. Running with Kimeto and WSU teammate Samson Kimobwa, a fellow Kenyan who holds the world record of 27:30.5 in the 10,000, Rono hit the first 400 in 67 seconds. He wanted 63. "Usually that would upset me," he says, "but for some reason I was calm. I felt, 'Well, I can run a 61 and make up for it.' " After three laps, Rono took the lead with a burst. "The thing that was good, I looked back after 150 yards of hard running and saw that I had pulled far away from Samson and Joshua and I knew this was to be a fast race." Passing the mile in 4:17, Rono was still accelerating. "It is better, I think, to begin easily and get your running to be smooth and relaxed and then to go faster and faster." Rono ended his record 5,000 sprinting. Then a month later he set the steeplechase record.

"I am very flexible in the legs," says Rono. "The steeplechase is easy for me." Indeed, the steeplechase sometimes seems God's gift to the East Africans. Amos Biwott and Ben Kogo of Kenya won the gold and silver in the 1968 Olympics. Keino won in 1972 despite nearly falling several times. Ben Jipcho was second in Munich and later lowered the world record to 8:14.0. And now Rono.

The steeple is different from flat races. Each barrier has the oxygen-sapping effect of a short sprint. "People living at altitude develop a greater oxygen-carrying capacity," says Kimeto. "That allows them not to go into oxygen debt over the barriers." It also allows for repeated hard bursts in the midst of flat races. East African-bred runners are remarkable for their ability to run uneven pace. Rono trains to take full advantage of that strength. In one workout this spring he ran a 7:57 for 3,000 meters by sprinting down each backstretch and striding the balance of each lap.

"We can control every race," says WSU Coach John Chaplin, a blunt, sometimes caustic man who is passionately devoted to his athletes. "With our ability to surge, anything you—the opposition—do is wrong. Go with us and you're in oxygen debt. Stay back, and adios, we're gone."

Chaplin believes in breaking races open. "My rule is if you let things go to the final sprint, it's usually the worst guy who ends up winning. That's because he's so psyched up that if he's even near the lead, he's going to go bananas. Waiting and kicking may work in the 1,500 where the whole field can stay close, but not in the distances."

Thus WSU runners since Chris Westman and Gerry Lindgren in the mid-'60s have tested their opponents early. Now, in Rono, Kimeto, Kimobwa and freshman Joel Cheruiyot, Chaplin has the strongest team of distance runners in NCAA history—among Rono's achievements this year was a 1:04:46 half-marathon in Puerto Rico in which he beat Bill Rodgers.

Chaplin loves to palm himself off as a layseed sprint coach. "Distance runners?" he says. "I don't know what they do. I just send them off into the wheat fields." He knows exactly what they do. The Kenyans have gravitated to WSU because it is a school offering sound courses in practical subjects that are in demand back home. Rono, who is now a sophomore, will major in industrial psychology. Kimeto and Kimobwa study agricultural economics.

"Everybody graduates," says Chaplin, "and it's hard work. They haven't got time to be killing themselves running." So Rono runs only 80 to 90 miles a week, doing brick roadwork in the early mornings and intervals on selected afternoons.

Chaplin is seen by his charges as more of a partner than a watch-wielding taskmaster. For example, in those interval sessions, which usually add up to three miles of hard running, it is Rono who decides how fast they shall be. "I run as I feel," he says. "If I feel very good and am fit, I will run 12 400s in 60 seconds each with a two-minute rest. If I am not good, they will be slower." Sometimes Rono announces he is tired and stops in the middle of a workout. It is to Chaplin's credit that he trusts and encourages his runners to make such decisions, because if there is a key to Rono's success, it is his sensitivity to his body's require-

continued

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ments for work and rest. "You don't need a coach when you know what you are doing," says Kimeto. Rono, perhaps better than any other runner, seems to sense the optimum stress, when to go harder, when to relax.

These are incommunicable things, the principle is not. The Kenyans at WSU, who are intelligent, distinct individuals, provided by their culture and coaching with a profound sensitivity to the demands of running distances, have been perceived by many coaches as a flock of transient starlings, identical in maroon and silver, depending upon our delicate native species.

Even some runners have a hard time coming to terms with the Kenyans' gifts. Craig Virgin, who, while at the University of Illinois, was the first American finisher in eight NCAA championship races but won only one, says, "You get discouraged. It's hard to keep your pride." But the runners who race against WSU most often, those from the Northwest, speak of the experience as a privilege. "Nobody runs tactical races better than the Kenyans," says Rudy Chapa, an Oregon sophomore. Chapa would be one of the favorites in the 1,500 in this week's NCAA track and field championships, but will run the 5,000 against Rono because he wants to make that his principal event. "I'm learning from the Kenyans. I wish I could run with them more."

Few rivalries can compare with that between WSU and Oregon in the distance races. Lindgren, the late Steve Prefontaine, John Ngere, Paul Geis and Kimeto have won 11 of the past 12 NCAA 3-mile/5,000 titles (six for WSU, five for Oregon). Runners from the two schools took the first eight places in last month's Pac-8 Conference 5,000.

Chaplin gloats in this rivalry and fans it often, saying, "The people of Eugene are wonderful, rabid fans. [Oregon Coach] Bill Dellinger is a real friend and Oregon is a fine university, but they have a terrible homer down there [Eugene Register-Guard sports editor Blaine Newnham] who cannot bring himself to mention the WSU runners without saying they are Kenyan and implying we are somehow tainted by that."

Chaplin seems to have a point. For instance, Newnham's column on the Pac-8 meet mentioned "the Kenyans" five times without even noting their school at all. "They [the Oregon runners in the 5,000] were there," he wrote,

"should Henry Rono have dropped out, or Kenya suddenly declared a national holiday, or something."

Chaplin's indignation at this sort of thing spurred him to a drastic countermeasure this April at the Oregon-WSU dual meet in Eugene. Rono had been running a world-record pace in the steeplechase. After the mile he glanced up to see Chaplin waving his coat. "I slowed him down," says Chaplin. "I didn't want to have him break a world record in Eugene and have them say it couldn't have been done without their track, not after the complaining about our foreign athletes."

Rono and his teammates would just as soon not get into this. As it is, they feel beset with the connotations of culture shock, mostly because of U.S. stereotypes of Africa, which make it out to be a continent of starving, rebellious savages slaughtering each other in desert and jungle, all supervised by Idi Amin. Rono is forever explaining that things aren't all that bad.

"Even Mary Decker, who has been to West Africa, asked why I wanted to live in a place where there were no jobs and no food," Rono recalls. "I said, what part of Africa do you mean? There is plenty of food in the Rift Valley."

Kimeto says in astonishment, "Lots of Americans, if you say you like it here, they think you don't like it at home!"

"That's a thing I don't understand," says Rono. "Who does not like home? If I tell you that you have a fine house, does it mean I live in a poor one?"

Rono is a gentle person, and gaining rapidly in social confidence, but still can be thrown off balance by such things as the pretty girl who, on being told of the Nandi reasons for his missing teeth, said, "Well, while you're in America, have you thought about having a bridge put in?"

"Is it that bad?" asked Rono, suddenly afraid he was unintentionally giving offense. Studying newspaper pictures of his 5,000 record, he asked friends whether the gap in his teeth was really noticeable. "Leon Spinks has been a blessing to Henry," says one of the friends. "Sort of an upside-down Nandi."

Rono has adjusted almost too well to Western food, relishing pizza and quiches to the point of having to watch his weight. He has yet to think of shrimp and shellfish as appetizing. "We feed that to the dogs in Kenya," he says, nicely.

All four of WSU's Kenyan distance runners are from the Great Rift Valley. All ran against each other in high school. Cheruiyot is of the Kapsigis tribe and Kimobwa is Sabei. But all are members of the Kalenjin group. When the runners relax, they talk of their shared history and of the need for change to make a better future. They talk of their country's economy, of the research needed to help the transformation from subsistence farming to commercial agriculture, of the proper balance between agriculture and wildlife management. Only with prompting does talk return to running. Asked about worthy opponents, Rono thinks first of Ethiopia's Miruts Yifter, then Tanzania's Suleiman Nyambui, Nick Rose of England and Marty Liquori. "Those are the guys," he says, "when we run together, we are all very tired at the end."

Mike Boit, who is a graduate student at Stanford, has said that when he returns to Kenya to teach or become an administrator, he will have no more time for running, that building the nation will consume all his energies. Kimeto says the same. Rono, however, smiles and says, "I don't feel like Mike and Josh. I want to run. How many years is it until I am 45? Twenty. I want to keep that in my mind."

"Henry has a great interest to run," says Kimeto softly, because he is speaking of a mystery. "That is what drives you, more than talent or training, and that is given differently to each of us."

Rono's interest just now is in winning an NCAA title or two, probably in the 5,000 and 10,000 because he bruised his left heel on the last barrier while setting his steeplechase record and will not risk further injury. Of future records, he will say little, but a tight-lipped grin attests to more secret plans. "If my foot is going to be all right, I think I can run eight minutes for the steeplechase sometime. I think I can say that, but I don't know about the 5,000. One thing I have noticed. My best races come on my third try. The steeplechase was my third this year. It was the same in the 5,000."

His third 10,000 of the year? It will come in the NCAA meet this week. Run in, of all places, Eugene. "If the weather is right, and the pace is good for the first half, . . ."

Rono makes no promises. He will do his best. And perhaps, to make sure, he will send someone to sit on John Chaplin's coat.

RNO





A FINE KETTLE OF FISH

The author was after Allison tuna in Bermuda, but wahoo, blackfin and 'cuda kept the plot bubbling

by CLIVE GAMMON

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD HERRICK



A hundred blips of iridescent silver flicker then eddying slowly sink into darkness. Across their path, spilling electric-blue flashes like scout craft in a science-fiction movie, cut streamlined, predatory shapes. In the ordinary world of air and sunshine, three feet above the Bermudan sea, a skinny, bare-foot boy of 12 standing in the stern of *Tango* squeaks with excitement and drops a fresh anchovy bait overboard. Free-floating, it shimmers momentarily in a new trail of silver blips—a handful of hogmouth fry that the boy's father has thrown out—and then is obliterated by one of the dark predators. A mackerel, a four-pounder, come to raid the chum line.

No contest, normally. But Davy De-Silva's 12-year-old muscles are taken by surprise. The mackerel gets its head down and dives for the bottom; only when it has taken out more than 50 feet of line can Davy turn it and manfully begin to pump. Now the others in the boat can see the mackerel hanging deep in the clear water. Then, suddenly, it seems to explode, giving off what appears to be a cloud of brown smoke.

In the water, blood looks *continued*

brown. Davy has fished with his father long enough to know what to do next. All that remains of the mackerel—head and tattered shoulders—he reels furiously to the surface. Maybe a shark bit it. All morning a big hammerhead has been loitering with evil intent. Or a barracuda. All week the Challenger Bank has been thick with barracuda.

It is neither. Materializing so abruptly that there should be a whiff of sulphur in the air, a magnificent wahoo, theatrically black and silver, lunges at the mackerel head as it clears the surface. The wahoo hangs there for a split second, leers at us and dematerializes.

Stumbling in the cockpit, shouting orders at one another, David DeSilva Sr., Pete Perinchief and I scramble to put the mackerel head on a two-hook rig, on something to throw to the wahoo. Sonny the mate hacks fast at another fresh mackerel lying on the bait board. Now not only handfuls of fry drift down the chum stream; great bloody goblets of mackerel flesh follow, trailing brown blood threads as they sink. Young Davy, escaping the sound and the fury, has climbed to the flying bridge above us, from where he dangles his legs and gazes into the water. "Hey, Dad! Hey!" he shouts.

The wahoo is back, we assume. But no. In the chum stream now, feeding delicately on the mackerel slices, is a beer barrel of an Allison tuna, the sun picking out the gaudy yellow of the filets that run along its belly to its tail. It is the fish that Perinchief and I have waited more than a week for, a fish that we had almost despaired of finding.

For most of that time, the place we had waited was the Challenger Bank, which lies 15 miles southwest of Gibb's Hill Lighthouse on Bermuda. For almost four weeks before I had joined Perinchief, Allison, or yellowfin, tuna had been plentiful. Now they seemed to have quit. David DeSilva, skipper of *Tango*, suspected that they had taken it into their heads to follow dense schools of small red squid into deep water. "The run could be over," Perinchief mourned.

Tail and spare, the doyen of Bermuda's anglers, Perinchief was probably in a position to know. Again and again he told me how close the Allison would come to the boat on good days. "Sometimes," he had said, "you could hand-feed them."

It was sad for Perinchief because he had been confident he could find me one. And sad for me also because there can be few other places in the world where one can catch Allison in this fashion. About 20 years ago Bermuda skippers began chumming big fish up to the surface from 30 fathoms and more along the sides of the Challenger and Argus banks. In the early spring, chumming seems ineffective and one has to resort to trolling. But from June on, it works.

And it seemed finally to be working for us now. Our Allison was circling regularly, 15 or 20 feet beneath the surface most of the time, feeding selectively, taking maybe three out of five mackerel pieces. "That one, he's goin' to humbug us a long time," ruminated DeSilva. "Like to see a couple more of them out there. Even a little blackfin would fire him up, make him jealous."

By now the head of the unfortunate mackerel that young Davy had caught was rigged and ready. We'd try the tuna with that first, we thought, to see if a really dramatic chunk of bait would stir him. I pulled line from the reel and lobbed the bloody head to the tuna. It turned and was about to take the bait when the wahoo came flashing onstage again. It gave the tuna no chance, engulfing the bait and screaming off with it on a magnificent surface run. And in chorus, with deep ingratitude, we stood and cursed that beautiful wahoo that would have been so welcome half an hour before. All of us except Sonny the mate, who remained at his post, chumming. There was still a chance that the Allison had not been irretrievably spooked, that it might somehow still be there when the wahoo was swung inboard.

However, it was 20 minutes before the fish was rolling beaten at the side of the boat, a long, thin wahoo that belied our original estimate of it when it was in the water. Sixty pounds this one was, in contrast to the 70 or 75 pounds we had guessed upon first sighting it. DeSilva dragged it into the boat and we settled down to see if the Allison would reappear.

Eight days previously, Perinchief and I had begun our Allison hunt, not on *Tango* but aboard *Coral Sea*, skippered by Boyd Gibbons, mate Teddy Gibbons. On *Coral Sea* was the ultimate refine-

ment: a heavy glass panel in the hull, similar to the ones on boats that take tourists on reef trips. But this one had a more serious purpose. Lying full length on the deck one could peer far down into the pellucid water and watch the chum line do its work.

Almost always, mackerel would come up first, sometimes with the species of small mackerel that Bermudans call sea robins. Hanging on the flanks of the schools of small fish would be barracuda. Following them through the day came a carnival procession of fish: almeco jacks, known as horse-eye bonito to the islander, Bermuda chub, with their small, pursy lips and flattened bodies, blackfin tuna; rainbow runners with flashing yellow tails; Allisons that were not big enough to count as Allisons. White marlin have come into the chum line and been hooked, but that is very rare. Sharks blunder into it, mainly dusksies and blues, sometimes a hammerhead. While you wait for the aristocrats of the chum line, the big wahoo and Allison, there is ample fishing entertainment, though at times one feels little compulsion to fish, being content to watch the passing show through Polaroid sunglasses.

Swiftly one becomes better at identification at long range, distinguishing, say, between barracuda and wahoo, both of them elongated, dark shadows to the novice. One learns, for instance, to identify species by the way they move before you see them plainly. In few forms of fishing, certainly infrequently in salt water, is it possible to be so intimately aware of the fish you are seeking.

The glass panel was not the only refinement aboard *Coral Sea*. Like everything else Bermudian, the craft was precisely run according to regulations. (If they could enforce the rule, one suspects that the islanders would have the Allison tuna wearing jackets and ties after 7 p.m.) Light a cigarette and the smoke acted as a kind of chum trail in itself. Within seconds, Teddy Gibbons would glide up silently, like a perfect butler, with an ashtray. It was very stylish.

But, then, the Gibbons brothers' fishing was nothing if not stylish. Each morning a picket line of white sportfishermen formed up along the edge of the Challenger Bank, anchor line astern, *Coral Sea*, though, did not join the file. Keeping well south of the other craft, we

continued

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But federal and state governments want us to do more.

The road gets rockier—and costlier

In order to comply with existing regulations, it is estimated that Bethlehem must spend about \$900 million more for environmental control. Grand total: more than \$1 billion. Our operating and maintenance costs will also increase as more control facilities are installed and as energy costs rise. *We have no clear estimate of what the ultimate tab will be. Nor does anyone else.*

Based on the scientific data available, we question the stringency of many of the mandates we currently face. In some cases, proven technology does not exist to do the job. It takes time and money to develop control mechanisms that will be effective. In other cases, it is simply not feasible to do what needs to be done to meet the required deadlines.

Jobs are at stake

Bethlehem is now spending 25% of its capital funds for environmental controls. During the

next five years, we expect this will increase to about 30%. Such capital investments do not produce income, but do increase the cost of making steel.

Expenditures like these erode the dollars we need to improve production facilities and provide job opportunities.

We are not crying "wolf"

Last year Bethlehem shut down certain facilities at our Johnstown and Lackawanna plants and laid off thousands of employees. That action was painful but necessary. Continued efforts to restore the profitability of these operations could not be justified—not when we included the huge expenditures for pollution controls that would have been required to continue operation of those facilities.

Action needed now

We support our nation's goals for clean air and water. And we endorse the recommendation of President Carter's Inter-Agency Task Force on Steel that calls for a review of EPA

standards and regulations to provide more flexibility and to reduce barriers to steel industry modernization.

We also support the following: (1) rational enforcement of environmental laws and regulations; (2) greater flexibility in compliance timetables; (3) accurate determination of significant sources of pollution, their effect on public health, and the most cost-effective control techniques; (4) amortization of expenditures for pollution control facilities, including buildings, over any period selected by the taxpayer, including immediate write-off in the year the funds are expended.

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We believe a more reasonable balance between jobs and environmental cleanup is urgently needed. If you agree, tell that to your representatives in Washington and your state capital.

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would home in on a red buoy, the Gibbons' marker for their personal, well-respected patch where the fish—day in, day out—were kept in a state of simmering expectancy. Just locating the buoy, though, was not sufficient. On the Challenger Bank, currents are difficult to predict, having strange patterns. Wind conditions are also a factor in determining just where the anchor should be dropped so that the chum streams along the bank instead of dissipating uselessly.

And for the four days that we fished with the Gibbonses, they always raised fish for us. Frequently they were tubby little blackfin tuna, to 25 pounds or thereabouts, that hurled themselves clumsily at the plugs and fought with dogged power. But the only Allisons that showed were minor fish. We were not alone in our failure to raise the big ones. The Bermuda International Light Tackle Tournament was being fished at the same time and its eight boatloads of expert anglers

had so far failed to hook a good-sized Allison. When we docked after our fourth session, Perinchief declared a day off—for fishing, of course. "Tomorrow," he said, "let's go after bonefish."

Around the shores of Bermuda there are several bonefish patches. Or that is how Perinchief, a man who abhors exaggeration, likes to put it. The truth is that while there are no extensive flats, as in the Bahamas for example, there are pockets of white sand—some no bigger than a suburban backyard, others up to the size of a football field—that the fish visit. And they are larger fish, on average, than those that make up the divisional-strength schools of Andros or the Exumas. The Bermudian bonefish are also considerably harder to catch, probably because of a lack of competition for the abundance of natural food. Which is why Perinchief said we would go after bones, not go catch them.

It was another handicap that our day

off from the Challenger Bank fell on a Sunday, when, on top of the tourist population, the better part of the 53,000 native Bermudans come out to play on the water. As we crept along the shores looking for a sand patch to call our own, Perinchief glared malevolently at the water skiers, the pleasure craft and the full-throttle jockeys that shared the sea with us. But he reserved his main contempt for a couple of small boats patrolling the reef half a mile offshore. "Barracuda trollers!" he snarled, in the tone of a medieval cardinal who has sniffed out a particularly revolting heresy.

He cut the motor and we drifted ashore, assuming the heron-like posture of bonefishermen. Could that be a patch of weed? Or was it moving? Yes, a moving, breathing bonefish, quite alone, a seven-pounder finning steadily on a course that would take it across our bow, right into casting range. Also, we immediately realized, wading purposefully

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through the shallows in pursuit of our bonefish was an angler who had been concealed from us by a spur of rock. Like an old brown trout that has seen a thousand artificial mayflies float over its head, the bonefish made no splashy fuss but indicated its lack of interest by slowly changing direction and heading out to the dark grass and the deep water.

The Sunday armada seemed to be continually recruiting new craft that sent a steady swell across the flats. Time to try something different. Perinchief decided. So we went to look for barracuda.

Not lovable-looking fish, but in Perinchief they had a deep admirer, which was why he held the small-boat trollers in deep contempt. Out on the Challenger Bank, making a nuisance of themselves, barracuda were one thing. But casting to barracuda lying over the shallow reef was something else. "A different fish," proclaimed Perinchief, and of course he is entirely right. We took a little time to find a 'cudal pack—because of the predations of the trollers, claimed Perinchief—but when we did, the 12- and 15-pounders made up handsomely for the absence of bonefish. They single-mindedly chased surgical-tube lures in fluorescent red and chartreuse, fished very fast. They leapt about all over the reef when they were hooked and, when released, glowered at us before streaming away.

Since the tournament anglers reported a continued absence of Allison, the next day we went reef fishing again, deep reef fishing this time on the Argus Bank 10 miles farther out.

The carnival of fishes the Gibbons' chum line attracted was even more populous than that of the Challenger Bank, though most were smaller. First came Bermuda chub, tiny-mouthed, exasperating fish that swarmed into the chum line mopping up fry, boldly chasing the slip of mackerel that floated in the silver cloud. They would bump it; you would try to ram the hook home and it would fly, battleless, close to Teddy Gibbons' new straw hat. Perinchief got the hat squarely in the end. It floated off spiritedly to seaward in good shape to clear Bermuda and fetch up on the beach at Casablanca.

We had got down to tiny No. 4 hooks and were finally hooking chub when triggerfish invaded, causing the Gibbonses

to curse steadily as the parrot-beaked fish rasped through leader after leader. So we went deep and caught a galaxy of weirdos—scarlet barberfish, groupers in varied and brilliant mottlings and something that Boyd Gibbons called a porgie hut which looked like nothing that ever came out of Sheepshead Bay. It was while Teddy was unhooking this one that I looked out over the sea and observed a couple of strange dark birds sitting on the water. They quickly resolved themselves into the dorsal and tail fins of dozing marlin.

Bermuda does not have consistent marlin fishing but it now became clear that it was experiencing a distinct run. That evening, rumor ran on the jetty that a 7-year-old boy had caught a 600-pound blue. Or a 6-year-old had caught a 700-pounder, nobody was entirely sure. There had been sightings all over, from the Argus Bank to close in to the home reefs. We decided to postpone the Challenger Bank once again—we would still have two days left—and catch ourselves a blue.

By normal Bermuda marlin standards, our day was packed with incident. Around noon, a blue came up and looked at our mullet bait, took it and spit it out. Four hours later another marlin came up and stared at a bonefish we had on offer. No sale. Enough of this shilly-shallying, we told each other. Next morning we would be back on the Challenger.

We were not. The wind came howling out of the north, the seas piled up, the rain came down. We punched out to sea but had to turn back. One day left for an Allison, and then only if the weather cleared.

We were lucky. In the night, the front passed through. There was still a big heave on the sea once we were out of the shelter of the hook of land that Somerset Parish makes at the western end of the island, but David DeSilva, to whose boat we had switched, was not unhappy with this. "You need some life in the water to bring the Allisons up," he said. We braced ourselves in the swells and tried to believe him.

And so on that last day we chummed and young Davy caught the mackerel that drew the Allison and the wahoo that had gate-crashed the party. And now, with the wahoo stuffing in the fish hold, we kept the chum line going. An hour passed, with visitations from rainbow

continued


**Weeds
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runners and small amberjack. And then, quietly, DeSilva said, "He's back."

He was, or another one like him, very close in size, and he acted, too, like an Allison of some experience.

He was not there all the time. Sometimes he would slide out of the trail and not reappear for four or five minutes. When he did, he fed sparingly on the chum, always ignoring the hooked offering. We varied the size of the mackerel strip. We tried a single anchovy instead. Nothing. For close on half an hour the siege continued. And then we got him.

It was an old trick and I had seen it work before on a deep, narrow gut of a trout stream in England, so heavily overgrown with willows and hazels that the only way to get to the fish was by winding the line, with the kicking grasshopper bait attached, around and around the rod tip until it was possible to poke it through the greenery. Then you twisted the rod the other way so that eventually the bait was hanging just over the water. The trout were fat and sophisticated. Mostly, they would ignore the grasshopper. But sometimes, if you plopped the bait right behind a trout's tail, it would swing around and take it in an angry, unthinking reflex.

We discovered that the same guile works on Allison tuna. As I held the rod in free spool, DeSilva hand-tobbed the bait on the fish's tail as it moved out of the chum line. It swung and crashed it.

This tuna, it turned out, weighed 87½ pounds. It took about 45 minutes to land on 30-pound test line. These are mere statistics, and the fight itself, in terms of drama, was not like that of some other game fish. No leaps, no runs that kill a fish quickly. But the adjectives that came to mind were indomitable, brave, unyielding, backbreaking, armcracking. The Allison had one idea—so get over the edge of the bank and descend into the abyss that is 4,000 feet deep.

One Allison in a fishing day is enough. After standing to fight it, your knees tremble, your wrists are jellyfied. You luxuriate in the fact that the fighting belt no longer cuts into you. Then Perinchoff is yelling. "Get over here! We've got another one up!"

There is just one thing to do: Hand him the belt. And one thing to say: "Be my guest. . . ." There is, after all, a matter of style to be observed. **END**

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The San Joaquin Valley around Visalia, Calif., yields heavy truckloads of walnuts, cotton, alfalfa, pomegranates, barley, kiwi fruit and cottage cheese. The result is that quite a few farmers, if they chose, could afford to order their overalls from Savile Row tailors. Much of the prosperity has rubbed off on Visalia (pronounced Vye-SAIL-yah). It is a clean, friendly city full of legally protected oak trees of the same type—*Quercus lobata*—described in the diary of a wandering Spanish priest 172 years ago.

Visalia is also a conservative place. There are folks in town who do not like the fact that the population has edged to more than 40,000 or that the major north-south artery, Mooney Boulevard, has become a flickering neon monument to franchised malnutrition. But they are very pleased that the city has no bonded indebtedness.

So it was surprising last year when Visalia went into the baseball business by including funds for a team in the Class A California League in its \$14 million city budget. Visalia teams were formerly nicknamed Mets, Reds, Cubs, White Sox, A's and Stars; the club is now known as the Oaks and is, as far as old-timers at minor league headquarters can recall, the

first municipally owned team in the history of organized baseball.

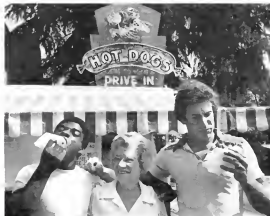
Visalia had no team in 1976, the New York Mets having decided after eight seasons that it was too much of a headache to run just one farm team west of the Mississippi. Many Visalians missed seeing their town's name in eye-squint type in *The Sporting News*, and they started a drive to land another franchise. The campaign's success was largely the result of the enthusiasm of Deputy City Manager Dick Anthony and baseball nut Pauline Taylor, co-owner of a thriving hot dog stand at the intersection of Center and Encina.

Purchasing a minor league baseball franchise these days would seem to be about as smart as investing in a spuds factory. The minors have shriveled, largely because major league games are regularly broadcast on radio and television to such out-of-the-way places as Visalia. Yet the city fathers were certain that the Oaks would show a profit—and it turned out that they were right. The team drew 44,747 spectators and cleared \$621 in 1977. That was not enough of a profit to surpass pomegranates as a mainstay of the local economy, but it was a lot better than losing money.

This year should be even better, especially because the Oaks got off to a very fast start, winning their first 10 games. And they haven't let up much since, with Outfielder Mike Wilson hitting .350 and huge (6' 5", 215-pound) Designated Hitter Steve McManaman slugging 14 homers. Last week the Oaks were 33-8 and were in first place by six games.

It also helps the team financially that Taylor spearheads preseason ticket drives and that the city does not compete against big league clubs in the scouting and signing of hot prospects, even though Tulare County, which is named for tulcs or cattails, has long been fertile ground for players as well as crops. Visalia is in the second year of a working agreement with the Minnesota Twins, who supply most of the players and arrange the loan of the rest from other major league organizations. Wilson, for example, is the property of the Dodgers, who thought he would not get enough playing time as a substitute on their California League team in Lodi. A 22-year-old from Oak-

(continued)



Two Oaks who are no dogs: 350-hitter Wilson and 6' 5" McManaman, dine on archfiar Taylor's fare

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land, Wilson is a righthanded spray hitter with exceptional speed. Although 45 of his 57 hits this season have been singles, on April 17 he had an inside-the-park grand slam in Visalia's 19-10 victory over Modesto.

Having red-hot hitters like Wilson and McManaman would be an asset at the gate for any team, but, says Anthony, "Attendance doesn't really tell the story. It's how much you've got in the cashbox from box-seat sales, program advertising, ads on the outfield fence and concession sales. You could put 100,000 people in our park and lose money; you could draw only 30,000 and still make money. Ticket sales are less than half the revenue. Promoted right, an average team can make money; promoted wrong, a champion can lose. But promote right with a champion, and you'll take money to the bank, baby."

The city keeps all the Oaks' income. Visalia already owned the little stadium, Recreation Park, but must pay to maintain it and for most of the players' equipment, hotel rooms and road meals. It must foot the entire bill for bus transportation, umpires, the P.A. announcer, the official scorer and the salary of General Manager Jerry Lambert, a former sportswriter who has spent 12 years in minor league front offices.

"Having the town own the team is quite an advantage," says Lambert. "We probably sell more season tickets and ads because of that, and a truck just dumped off 10 bags of gypsum that were tacked on the end of the city order. Volume rates save a lot of money."

"It's a friendly little town. The thing that impressed me from the beginning is that everybody likes it here. Right after I arrived a guy told me, 'You know, this town's not on the major freeway, so people have to want to come here.'"

Few outsiders do. There are no big tourist attractions in Visalia, except *The End of the Trail*, the James Earle Fraser statue of a sagging Indian on his weedy horse, which stands in Mooney Grove Park. Tulare County once owned the decaying plaster original but traded it to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City in return for a bronze replica cast in Italy. Visalia is also proud of being not only the county seat, but also the "Gateway to the Sequoias,"—Sequoia National Park being about 50 miles to the east.

The Oaks are a source of pleasure and

civic pride, too. For 27 of the last 33 seasons Visalia has been a member of the California League, a circuit that dates back, in one incarnation or another, to the 19th century and which boasts such alumni as Ping Bodie, Harry Hooper, Duffy Lewis and, much more recently, Butch Wynegar, who at the age of 19 led the Reno Silver Sox to first place in both halves of the 1975 season and then leaped directly to the American League. Outfielder Vada Pinson, Visalia's most accomplished alumnus, went right from eating Pauline Taylor's childlings to ordering steaks in Cincinnati.

Visalia has had modest success on the field, its only pennant coming in 1971, but there have been some notable moments: Pitcher Ken Hunt, later with the Reds, losing 13 in a row in 1958, Bud Hestler, who stayed on to become a Visalia fireman, hitting 51 home runs during the 1956 season; White Sox farmhand Ken Lawrence dropping 15 straight pitching decisions in 1962; drawing 100,000 fans in 1947, which was 10 times the population then.

Baseball's return last year was applauded by the *Times-Delta* ("Oldest Newspaper in the San Joaquin Valley"), which said, "It's an understatement to say that people in this area missed the grand old game..." and pointed out that the Oaks would create jobs and increase revenues of apartment buildings, motels, restaurants and the sales tax. Still, some Visalians grouched about the \$40,000 in municipal funds spent to move the light towers and fences back.

One of the best moves the city made was to adopt a nickname with local favor for its team. The California League used to have such colorful names as the Lodi Crushers (Lodi being in grape country), the Fresno Sun Sox and the San Jose Prune Pickers, but now most teams have handles like Dodgers and Angels that make it easier for parent clubs to provide hand-me-down uniforms.

Oaks was the winning entry in a pick-a-name contest, beating out Minnows, Pure Grits, Doves, Quails and, perhaps in tribute to or mockery of the baseball-boosting Taylor, Hot Dogs.

"This is a good baseball town," says Taylor. "It's always been a good baseball town. One thing's for sure: never again will the majors pack up and go home, leaving us without a franchise. It's ours now—here to stay as long as we want it."

THE WEEK

(May 21-27)
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST "Here's our new theme song," yelled Pitcher Pete Falcone of St. Louis (1-5) as a tune blared forth from the clubhouse stereo. If nothing else, the song—which was about "endless torture"—was appropriate, the Cardinals having lost 11 in a row, their longest such streak since 1916. When the Cards took the field that night against the Expos, the P.A. announcer introduced the club's real theme song, *We Can Do It*, but someone mistakenly put on the wrong record. The *Star-Spangled Banner*. Nonetheless, the Redbirds' torture ended. John Denny handcuffing Montreal 2-0 on two hits and Ted Simmons (page 36) driving in both runs. When a player crosses the plate after homering, he usually gets a hand from a teammate, but when Simmons came home after a 360-foot drive against the Cubs, he got the thumb from Umpire Paul Runge. Simmons and Runge had been jawing all evening. And when Simmons tipped his helmet toward home as he circled the bases, Runge felt he was trying to show him up. The Cardinals traded Pitcher Eric Rasmussen to the Padres for Outfielder Gene Hendrick.

Clutch hits and strong pitching put Chicago (5-0 atop the East. Dave Roberts shut out the Cardinals 6-0, and Rick Reuschel got relief help from Bruce Sutter as he won twice. The Cubs bumped the Phillies out of first place with a 6-4 win in which Greg Gross tripled across two runs with two out in the ninth, and Manny Trillo hit his first homer of the season in the 10th. Winning that game was Sutter, who has not allowed Philadelphia any earned runs during 28½ innings and 15 relief appearances dating back to 1976.

On the whole, the Phillies (1-4) were glad they did not play at home. They committed eight errors and needed three runs in the ninth to squirm past Atlanta 6-5.

Rudy May of Montreal (4-3) won twice, 4-1 in St. Louis and 15-1 in Pittsburgh. Mike Gorman, who was recently acquired from the Dodgers, saved May's first victory with 2½ innings of one-hit relief.

Shutout pitching by John Candelaria and Kent Tekulve, plus a grand slam by Renne Stennett, enabled Pittsburgh (3-4) to beat Montreal 7-0. Candelaria and Tekulve then combined for a 2-1 win over the Expos.

The Mets (4-2) continued to alternate between tension and snootiness. They overcame a 5-0 deficit to defeat the Phillies 6-5 on Steve Henderson's double in the 11th and beat the Pirates 3-2 on Lenny Randle's single in the 11th. Then, in their 13th come-from-behind victory of the year, the Mets shook

continued

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To test for "riding smoothness," Ford engineers drove a Mercedes and a Granada over various road surfaces and at different speeds. Using a sensitive electronic recorder, they measured vibration levels.

TEST RESULTS:

Analysis of the data showed that in 3 out of 4 of the test conditions, "both cars rode with virtually the same level of smoothness."

TEST B: QUIETNESS

To evaluate for "riding quietness" both cars were again driven over a variety of road surfaces and at different speeds. A sound level meter recorded their interior sound levels on the dB (A) scale.

TEST RESULTS:

Analysis of the data showed that the Granada rode almost as quietly as the Mercedes. Average of all tests: Granada only one decibel higher.

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off a 7-3 Aviro lead and prevailed 9-7. And while New York was surprising some opponents, it was also surprising itself. When Rightfielder Bruce Bosclair scooped up Stennett's soft single with the bases loaded in the 11th and the Mets ahead of the Pirates 5-4, it was expected that he would throw to the plate in hopes of nailing Frank Taveras, who had been on second. Bosclair threw the ball all right, but not home. Unaware that Taveras had held up until Stennett's hit fell safely, Bosclair stunned Shortstop Tim Lincecum by chucking the ball to him at second base as the decisive run scored.

CRS-17-19 PHIL 20-19 MONT 22-21
NY 21-24 PIT 19-23 STL 15-29

NL WEST "When you see all those seats filled and hear the crowd cheering, it adds 10 mph to your fastball," said Bob Knepper of the first-place Giants (4-2) after smothering the Dodgers 6-1. On hand to cheer Knepper were 43,646 fans, the most ever for a Candlestick Park night game. They also applauded Willie McCovey, who had five RBIs for the night, giving him two standing ovations after he socked a three-run homer. Other Giants getting big hands were Ed Hahnke, who defeated Houston 9-1, Bill Madlock, who capped a three-run ninth with a single that beat the Astros 3-2, and Jack Clark, who batted .478. Vic Harris was given a less enthusiastic reception when he hit for Patcher John Montefusco in the sixth inning of a scoreless game against the Astros. When Harris, who was one for 33, came to the plate, he was booed by the crowd, which moments later revealed in his two-run single that led to a 2-0 win.

Inching to within half a game of the Giants were the Reds (5-2) as Bill Bonham (6-0) and Tom Seaver (4-0) both won twice. Bonham beat Atlanta 10-0 and San Diego 5-2. Seaver, who trimmed the Padres 1-0 and 3-1, lowered his ERA to 3.95 and moved past Bob Feller and Warren Spahn into seventh place on the all-time strikeout list. Seaver increased his career total to 2,591. Doug Bair granted his sixth and seventh saves and lowered his ERA to 0.62 while preserving Seaver's victories.

Manager Tom Lasorda of Los Angeles (3-3) usually cannot wait to gab with the press, but last week there was a radical change in his open-door policy. Five errors and a 3-2 loss in San Diego irked Lasorda so much that he slammed his clubhouse office door, breaking the lock in the process. When he tried to open the door, Lasorda found he was locked in and had to bang on it to get someone to let him out. Burt Hooton, Terry Forster and Manny Mota helped keep their skipper's ire to a minimum. Hooton and Forster twice teamed to slow down the Giants, beating San Francisco 4-1 and 3-1 on a two-hitter. Forster, a fireballing left-handed reliever,

held the Giants hitless for four innings as he got his seventh and eighth saves. With two on and two out in the seventh inning of his second outing, Forster threw a slider to right-handed-hitting Mike Iwe, who grounded out. Thus far Forster has relied heavily on that pitch against righties, but when they look for it later in the season, he hopes to confound them by using "a sinker away and getting lots of ground balls or strikeouts." Manny Mota did not want to change. He called home to the Dominican Republic and told his 14-year-old daughter to bring his favorite bat to Los Angeles. It is the bat he used to stroke a ninth-inning double in Game 3 of last year's playoffs against the Phillies. With his prized lumber in hand, Mota, who had been 2 for 7 this season, broke up a 1-1 game against the Padres with a three-run pinch double, and the Dodgers went on to win 8-1.

Even though Terry Puhl of Houston (1-5) batted .423 and extended his hitting streak to 18 games, he scored only twice. One of those runs was particularly valuable. Puhl was on base after a bunt single when Jesus Alou clouted his first homer since 1974, a three-run shot that helped beat the Mets 5-4.

John D'Acquisto of San Diego (3-4), who has always had a lot of stuff but has had difficulty keeping it under control, seemed to be harnessing his talent. In 12 innings he yielded two runs and six walks and struck out 12. That left D'Acquisto with a 1.23 ERA and inspired Gaylord Perry to bring a battery cable to the clubhouse, attach one end to his right arm and the other to D'Acquisto's and say, "Yes, I can feel the flow."

Before facing the Reds, Manager Bobby Cox of Atlanta (3-3) gave his troops a pep talk. Then the inspired Braves went out and lost 10-0. More effective than rhetoric was a homer by Gary Matthews that accounted for Atlanta's first run after 21 scoreless innings and helped stop Houston 6-4.

SF 27-15 CIN 28-17 LA 25-18
HOUS 19-22 SD 19-24 ATL 16-25

AL EAST Even with Fred Lynn suspended for bumping an umpire and George Scott out with a broken finger, Boston (6-2) swatted 11 home runs and moved into first place. Dwight Evans homered twice and Jim Rice once as Bill Lee (7-1) beat the Tigers 6-3. Luis Tiant baffled Detroit 9-3 and 1-0, winning the second on a home run by Rice, his fourth of the week and 17th of the season. That put Rice two games ahead of Babe Ruth's 60-homer pace of 1927 and three up on Roger Maris' rate when he hit 61 in 1961.

Ron Gaudry of New York (5-1) raised his record to 6-0 and lowered his ERA to 1.72 as he muzzled Cleveland 10-1 on five hits and 11 strikeouts. Thurman Munson had eight RBIs, Chris Chambliss hit .435 and Jim Spencer decked Toronto 4-3 with a pinch grand slam.

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BASEBALL continued

Tom Murphy of Toronto (2-6), who served up the gopher ball to Spencer, faced him in a similar situation the next day before a New York Saturday crowd of 55,367. The Blue Jays led 4-1 in the ninth when Spencer came up with two men on and Murphy pitching in relief. Once again Spencer gave the ball a long ride, but this time it was caught against the rightfield fence by Bob Bailor. Rick Bosetti, who is drawing raves for his play in centerfield, had two game-winning hits. His triple broke a ninth-inning tie in the 4-1 win in New York and his 12th-inning single made Jesse Jefferson a 2-1 victor over Boston.

There was plenty of classy pitching throughout the league. A rarity was achieved by the Orioles (5-3), whose first three wins of the week were by the progressively lower scores of 3-0, 2-0 and 1-0. Scott McGregor picked up the initial victory with a four-hitter against Cleveland; he was followed by Mike Flanagan, with a two-hitter, and Jim Palmer, with his 47th career shutout. Andres Mora's homer supplied the only run Palmer needed, even though Palmer had phoned Manager Earl Weaver the day he was to pitch and told him that his shoulder ached and he wanted to skip his turn. Weaver disregarded the call and later said, "Palmer pitched most of the game, throwing the ball 84 and 85 miles an hour. In the ninth he was up to 87 and 88. He's always been one of the best finishers around." The string of shutouts ended when McGregor, backed by Larry Harlow and Lee May homers, held off Detroit 2-1. The Orioles beat the Tigers 4-3, Bill Smith's home run in the eighth tying the score and his two-out double in the ninth settling the outcome.

In three successive Milwaukee (4-1) wins, 22-year-old righthander Larry Sorensen tossed a five-hitter to beat California 2-1, Jerry Augustine five-hit Oakland 3-2 and Mike Caldwell defeated the A's 7-1 on six hits.

Most of Detroit's nifty mound work, including a pair of four-hitters, was wasted. Jack Billingham lost 2-0 in Baltimore, and Dave Rozema and Jack Morris pitched in vain while losing 1-0 to Boston. The Tigers (2-6), who began the week with a .294 batting average, the majors' highest, hit .219 as they fell from the division lead to third place. Jason Thompson's homer in the seventh knocked off the Red Sox 2-1.

David Clyde of Cleveland (2-4) beat the Orioles twice, 3-2 with the aid of Dennis Kinney, and 6-2. Rick Wise (2-8) lost 4-3 in Baltimore for his fifth one-run setback.

**BOS 30-15 NY 28-15 DET 24-17 ML 21-20
BAL 20-23 CLE 19-22 TOR 16-27**

AL WEST And now there's the Mud Squad, a band of Angels who are mired in reserve roles. The Mudheads helped California (4-2) pull within half a game of the front-running A's, squad leader Tony Solatis singling to short left in

the seventh and scoring squad member Rance Mulliniks all the way from first to edge the Brewers 6-5. Don Baylor slugged his 11th and 12th homers, and Frank Tanana (8-1) breezed past Chicago 6-0.

In a startling move, Bobby Winkles quit as manager of the A's (3-3) while they were in first place. Jack McKeon, whom Winkles had succeeded last June, replaced Winkles, who apparently resigned to escape middlestone owner Charlie Finley. After losing their first two games under McKeon and dropping out of the lead, the A's won twice and reclaimed first place. Putting them back in front was a 4-3 win in Chicago, in which Mitchell Page slammed his third homer of the week and Jim Essau singled across the clinching run in the 10th. Rookie John Johnson's 8-0 win over the White Sox shod his ERA to 1.53.

Doug Bird of Kansas City (3-3) almost matched one of Walter Johnson's records, albeit an unsavory one, when he unleashed three wild pitches in one inning, one shy of the Big Train's major league mark. Al Hrabosky gained his seventh save as the Royals,

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

WILLIE MONTANEZ: The Met first baseman walloped three homers, batted .476 and drove in 11 runs, two in a 6-5 victory over the Phillies and another pair in a 3-2 win in Pittsburgh as New York climbed to fourth place.

down 5-0, overtook the Mariners 6-5. After Dennis Leonard lost his fifth straight, Manager Whitey Herzog tried to humor his erstwhile ace, telling Leonard there was no plane ticket available for him to get to Minnesota a day early to rest up for his next start. When Herzog suggested, "Maybe you could go by Amtrak," Leonard said, "But I'd get there too late to pitch." To which Herzog replied, "That's the idea."

Al Oliver of Texas (4-3) settled two games with his bat. His three RBIs polished off Seattle 5-4, and his 11th-inning single clipped Minnesota 3-2.

Mike Marshall of Minnesota (3-2) saved two games and was accused by Jim Sundberg of the Rangers, for whom he played last season, of "using sandpaper to cut the ball."

When asked why he continually pawed at the dirt in the batter's box, Ruppert Jones of Seattle (3-5) said, "I'm filling in the holes. I like to stand on top of the ground. Only dead people are under the ground." Jones put some life in the Mariner attack with five doubles.

Adding to the woes of the White Sox (1-6) was the discovery that Claudell Washington, obtained from Texas two weeks ago for Bobby Bonds, still has a bad ankle. Washington was put on the disabled list.

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Honor.

"It's the way you choose to run your life. I guess everybody has a personal code, and mine is to try my best at whatever I do. In Basic Training it was to be a little bit better today, run a little farther than I did yesterday. Today I graduated from Basic. I don't know what a soldier is supposed to feel like, but out there on the field, standing with the rest of those men, I know I could say, 'I'm one of you!'" *PVT Brian Woodman, Fort Jackson SC*

**Join the people
who've joined the Army.**

When Evan Williams bombs one, caddies cower, Jack Nicklaus sticks his fingers in his ears and owners of property anywhere near the fairway get nervous about their picture windows. Williams, ladies and gentlemen, is the world's longest driver. No one can match his monstrous hits, or his prodigious misses. Stand back there! Give the man room!

Give the man lots of room! With a two-iron, Williams can outdrive Nicklaus. He can hit a wedge shot 200 yards. He can drive 400-yard holes, knock down caddie shucks with a two-wood and, says Chi Chi Rodriguez, "make the ball look like a flying saucer." But best of all, as far as Williams is concerned, is that in a game that can reduce the most composed golfer to a blithering idiot, he does not have to keep score. Tee it high and let it fly is the long driver's way.

Nicknamed "Big Cat," Williams has won the National Long Driving Championship each of the last two years, blasting a 307-yard winner into a head wind at Congressional Country Club in 1976 and triumphing at Pebble Beach last year with a smash of 353 yards. Jim Dent, the longest hitter on the professional golf tour, finished sixth in 1977 with a "measly" poke of 316 yards. George Bayer, who in his day was golf's longest driver, says that Dent "not only uses a graphite shaft, he has graphite arms." Where she stops, nobody knows.

Big Cat is 6'6" and weighs 215 pounds, a boyish and ebullient 30-year-old who lopes through life looking for a cocktail party when he isn't wrecking driving ranges. He expects to make more than \$75,000 this year, giving exhibitions at \$1,500 a clip before galleries that are dumbstruck when he does his number. There is an other-world quality to a well-struck Williams tee shot as it whooshes off and up and away, the ball hanging for what seems an interminable time, growing smaller and smaller, finally descending, just a bouncing speck now, rolling to a stop somewhere between three and four football fields away. Often, after one of these mammoth pokes, the onlookers are so stunned that they fail to applaud, at which point Williams will turn to them and with a big smile, nodding his head up and down, begin clapping in self-congratulation.

Long hitters are admired, even adulated. Good putters are resented, as if somehow it is unfair for them to score well by doing something as delicate as

pitty-putting a ball into the cup. The story is told of a long driver, a man who belittled putting as "golf needlework," entering his club's putting tournament and, to his and the other members' surprise, winning it. "Gentlemen," he said, "I've never been so ashamed in my life." In truth, it is rare to find anyone who brags about being a good putter, though one of the most telling phrases in golf, especially when uttered by a powder-puff hitter, is, "Drive for show and putt for dough." Asked to name his favorite person in the game, Big Cat Williams says, "Mr. Alternate Fairway."

By the nature of things, a long driver is going to be peering from behind trees and refreshment stands a lot. That will happen when he unloads a 540-yard drive, as Bayer once did on a sun-baked hole in Sydney, Australia. Off the course Bayer was friendly and amicable. But while playing, he would grouse and mutter dire imprecations over every misfortune, particularly when he sliced one. In 1957 during the Kentucky Derby Open, he became so frustrated that he took out a seven-iron and simply chipped the ball one-handed down the middle of the fairway, finishing with a 17 on the hole. For his transgression, Bayer was given a 30-day suspension, which was later reduced to a \$200 fine and 90 days' probation. Bayer, for his part, denied the charge of disorderly conduct. "Both my hands were on the club," he protested.

With his ability to draw a paying audience and not having to worry about the score, Williams has no such hang-ups. He laughs off his occasional misdeeds and simply tees up another ball. Last year he visited nine countries and countless backyards, scattering people and lawn furniture. At a recent exhibition at Champions Golf Club in Houston, former PGA champion Dave Marr watched Williams blast one past the driving-range boundaries and into a homeowner's garden. "Most people don't go that far on a vacation," said Marr.

The whack of the Cat

Evan (Big Cat) Williams can bash a ball a quarter of a country mile—and never mind where it comes down because the game that he plays best is suited to a tee

"Any questions on the two-iron?" Williams asked his gallery of business executives.

"We don't ever use a two-iron," said one of the men.

"Normally I don't either," said Williams.

Life and golf are just a drive and a wedge for Big Cat (Marr compares his disposition to that of "a big lapdog"), who is held in some awe by many of the touring pros. Last March, in the Tony Lema Pro-Am at Marco Island, Fla., Wil-

continued



Six-six Williams has won two long driving titles



The man in the middle just won a big award.

This is the true story of the victim of an automobile accident! Let's call him Phil.

A jury has finally² awarded Phil \$12,000 for his losses (and the court tacked on \$1,160 for costs), so why isn't *he* smiling?

Watch closely as the tort system gobbles up that \$13,160:

Phil's lawyer (at right) takes \$6,450 off the top.³

Dr. A (at left) gets \$600 in witness fees. (He charged only \$425

for treating Phil in the first place—in this crazy system you sometimes make more by telling a court what you did than you make by actually *doing* it.)

Doctors B and C take \$325 more in witness fees and another \$470 or so falls through the cracks, leaving Phil with a check for \$5,311⁴—nearly three years after his accident.

Now a system that used up 3 years and \$8,000 to put \$5,300 into a victim's hands may strike you as unwieldy. And Aetna agrees.

State by state, we're supporting strong, workable "no-fault" auto insurance plans.⁵ Where no-fault isn't in the cards, we think compulsory arbitration can help get most cases settled faster and more economically.

Lawyers' contingent fees should be better controlled. And, where appropriate, victims' payments should be made periodic, rather than in one lump sum which some outlive and others never need.

Passing the laws to reform this system is slow, frustrating work, but it is the key to controlling auto insurance costs. Don't underestimate your own influence with your elected representatives. Use it as we are trying to use ours.

Aetna wants insurance to be affordable.

¹We've taken poetic license and put a neck brace on Phil, although his actual injuries didn't require it.

²Nearly three years passed between Phil's accident and his award. Such time lags are often a cause of grave hardship, and are a strong indictment of the present tort system. Chief Justice Warren Burger put it this way: "The business of involving the judicial process to dispose of an automobile accident is an expensive and

cumbersome method that should be abandoned, as we did with industrial injury claims long ago."

³Lawyers handling liability cases generally charge a "contingent fee"—a percentage of the award paid to the victim (the percentage may be as high as 50%). Phil's lawyer claimed 40% of the jury award for his fee plus \$1,650 for certain costs advanced. He later advised the press that he had reduced his fee

⁴In other words, only 44% of the jury award actually reached the victim. More than half was consumed by the costs of an inefficient system—costs which are reflected in the premiums of insurance buyers.

⁵"No-Fault" is first-party protection. Your insurance covers your own medical expenses and lost wages; the losses of whom ever you hit (or get hit by) are covered by his insurance. No-

fault has enormous potential for speeding and simplifying claim payments and controlling the cost of auto insurance. Unfortunately, the no-fault laws in many states (including the state where Phil lived) have so many loopholes that they fail to keep most claims out of court. Aetna supports the passage of federal guidelines which would require states to enact strong laws with real consumer protection.

Williams was blasting away on the driving range when Frank Beard edged up to Dent on a nearby putting green.

"There's a guy over there that wants some of you," Beard needed.

Dent looked up, made a disgusted "humpf" sound, and went back to his menial work. That day Dent won the Pro-Am with a 67 and told interviewers that on a 230-yard par-3 he had had to hit a three-wood. Williams, playing right behind him, used a three-iron—a feat that was more discussed than Dent's winning score.

Unfortunately, a strong head wind deprived Williams of a chance at the \$500 prize offered to anybody who could drive over a water hazard on the 16th hole, a shot requiring a carry of 300 yards. The man who put up the prize was a club member who had never seen Williams but doubted the word of a friend who said he thought Big Cat could probably blast one over the lake. Williams often is approached about friendly wagers, but after the prospective bettors watch him hit a few shots, they tend to keep their money in their pockets. Larry Ziegler, one of the tour's big hitters, once smashed a drive during a practice round with Williams and the Cat's friend, pro Billy Zoobro. An onlooker made a challenging remark about "try and catch that one."

"Tell you what," said Zoobro. "He'll not only outdrive it, he'll hit it past it on the fly." Which Williams did.

When he does keep score, Williams normally shoots somewhere between 72 and 79, depending on how many of his drives wind up out of bounds or simply disappear. In 1975 he tried to qualify for two tour events, the B.C. and Southern Opens, but shot a 74 and an 81. He decided what his future should be several years ago when he played in a series of 18-hole sectional tournaments in New Jersey, shot a 71 one week and a 70 the next, yet made only 59. His first taste of fame came in 1974 when he defeated Dent, who was then golf's Sultan of Swat, by seven yards in a challenge driving match at a Catskills resort. After watching Williams, Joe DiMaggio said, "They ought to lock him up in a cage." The first open National Long Driving Championship was held the following year but Williams was too wild in the regional qualifying and was eliminated. He made the next one, at the Congressional in

Washington, and, aided by a tip from former U.S. Open champion Hale Irwin, who told him to tee the ball higher, Williams won the competition easily and took his show on the road.

Most of the big hitters in driving contests have wild swings. Jeff Long, a 15-handicapper and former major league baseball player from Fort Mitchell, Ky., won the first open with a swing that had more chance in it than a roulette wheel. Williams, however, is orthodox, taking the club back in a smooth, compact motion and generating tremendous club-head speed with a strong leg drive and powerful wrists that uncock at the last moment. Bayer gripped his club so softly that he never wore a glove, and Williams says the secret of long drives is the ability to relax, plus quick reflexes. "I'll be good until my 'speed power' leaves me," he says. "As long as I keep my reflexes, I'll still hit it long."

Williams believes he is the biggest hitter of all time, longer than Bayer, who now is 52 years old and a club pro at the Detroit Golf Club. Williams' monsters include a 397-yarder in New Jersey that was measured with an odometer; a smash that ended up 15 feet from the cup on a 430-yard par-4 at a Fort Lauderdale course; and a "480-yard-plus" bomb in Thailand last winter. And though he never has made a hole in one, he does have stretches of accuracy. Several years ago, in the days when Williams collected only \$200 for an exhibition, he went out to the 18th fairway at Upper Montclair, N.J., 380 yards from the green, and hit 10 balls, six of which wound up on the green, four of them within six feet of the cup. Of course, the precision doesn't last. "I don't know how many picture windows I broke as a kid," he says. "I was off and running before the ball hit the window."

Like many pros, Williams grew up across from a golf course, in his case the 5th hole of the Englewood (N.J.) Country Club, where he acquired his first set of clubs by trading in golf balls he found. As a high school senior he was 6' 4" and a spindly 158 pounds, a sports nut who "went steady with a basketball for 10 years." Big Cat played two years of basketball at Canisius, in upstate New York, where in a moment of glory his freshman team defeated St. Bonaventure's—and he outjumped a fellow named Bob Lanier for the tipoff. After two years, he

transferred to tiny Franklin (Ind.) College, where he set records in golf, basketball, football and track and gained a reputation for irreverence. A 76-yard punt got him invited to a St. Louis Cardinal tryout camp, and 36-point and 27-rebound games induced the New York Knicks to contact him.

Williams got his nickname as a result of a minor scuffle at a basketball practice in which he unceremoniously fell over some folding chairs. That same night Muhammad Ali knocked out Cleveland (Big Cat) Williams in the Astrodome and the following morning Evan's teammates were calling him Big Cat. And he got his reputation as a blithe spirit at halftime in a game when his coach was berating him for missing all five of his free throws in the first half. "What are you thinking about up there?" the coach roared at him.

"I'm thinking I'm going to miss," said Williams, being accurate for once.

This year's National Long Driving Championship will be held in August, just before the PGA Championship at Oakmont Country Club near Pittsburgh. Williams says he is at the top of his game and should again win the \$15,000 first-place check because he has won the last two titles by a comfortable average of eight yards. Marr and a lot of his friends on the pro tour wonder what Big Cat would be like if he could tame his vagrant impulses, nocturnal wanderings and insouciant approach to the game. They point out that big bombers like Bayer, who joined the tour at 29, Mike Souchak and even Nicklaus all were better golfers after they stopped trying to blast the ball.

However, Williams is in no particular hurry to change his game. During his early 20s, when he was a struggling assistant pro, an elderly aunt living in Fort Lauderdale often advised him, "Someday you're going to forget about this and get a job." Now he sends her postcards from all over the world. He has a residence in Orlando, Fla. and another in Leonia, N.J., a city that, appropriately enough for golf's King Kong, is within sight of the Empire State Building. For all of that, a golf course to him is just another driving range. "If I shoot 72 or 70, it's a bonus," he says. "But if I shoot 80 and hit the one or two long drives, I've done my job. Hey, it's a good time." And nice work, if you can get it. **END**

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Nine years ago Louis E. Wolfson was in federal prison near Pensacola, Fla., serving nine months and a day for selling unregistered stock, a conviction that, to this day, he is fighting. He remembers watching the 1969 Triple Crown races, the duels between Majestic Prince and Arts and Letters, on a black-and-white television set. With him was a variety of con artists, thieves, bootleggers and draft dodgers, hardly the sort of company a multimillionaire financier and thoroughbred horseman is used to, even one who likes to say, "There are more crooks per capita on Wall Street than in any other segment of American society." Besides costing Wolfson his freedom and his honor, the conviction almost ruined him in racing. He had to sell most of his horses to pay debts, the earnings of his Harbor View Farm dwindled to virtually nothing and his flamingo-and-black racing silks disappeared from view.

Now, though, thanks to a golden colt named Affirmed, Wolfson and Harbor View are back stronger than ever. The son of Exclusive Native (also bred and raced by Wolfson) has won the Kentucky Derby and Preakness and become a millionaire quicker than any horse in history. His spirited rivalry with Alydar is already part of racing legend. And if Affirmed can once more withstand Alydar in the Belmont Stakes on June 10 and thereby become the 11th Triple Crown winner, Wolfson's comeback will be complete. It is a prospect that leaves this son of a struggling Jewish junk dealer strangely indifferent. "I know where I came from," he says. "I still feel more comfortable with the average working American than I do with the so-called society people."

Wolfson doesn't mean to sound mean or angry. To the contrary, he says that, at 66, he is "as contented as I've ever been in my life." He gives most of the credit for this to his wife of five years, Patrice, the only daughter of the late Hirsch Jacobs, the winningest trainer in American history. At 41, Patrice is sort of the Doris Day of racing, a blonde bundle of smiles and nerves. She screens her husband's phone calls and she deplores the fact that the excitement over Affirmed has given the press the chance to exhume the old "unpleasantness," as she calls it. He, in turn, dotes on the wife young enough to be his daughter. When they're alone, or in the

continued



Patrice Wolfson embraces her husband after Affirmed stood off Alydar's stirring charge at Pimlico

A front-runner launches a comeback

By winning the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, Affirmed has helped Louis Wolfson and Harbor View Farm return to the races in fine style

company of close friends, the tall, silver-haired financier likes to tease Patrice about her affinity for Affirmed.

"Affirmed, Affirmed, Affirmed, that's all I hear," Wolfson says. "My wife even talks about Affirmed in her sleep. I'll be glad when this Triple Crown is over so she'll stop waking me up."

"Oh, he loves Affirmed just as much as I do," she says.

"Affirmed does what he has to do," says Wolfson, "but I'm not ready yet to say he's a great horse. Wait until after the Belmont. Wait until after the Marlboro Cup in September."

For all his acumen on Wall Street, Wolfson is decidedly unbusinesslike when it comes to Affirmed. He steadfastly refuses to sell the colt, even when offered a blank check. "I wouldn't sell this horse for racing if I were broke," he says. He also refuses to participate in any commercial schemes like the ones concocted last year by Seattle Slew's owners. And he fully expects to race Affirmed at 4, if he stays sound, instead of retiring him to stud after the Belmont when, if he wins, his market value will be at its peak.

"Money stopped being real important to me after I had made enough," Wolfson says. "I've never really sought power, never sought to be a wealthy man. My wife's father and I felt the same way about our philosophy of life. Hirsch Jacobs never knew what his horseflesh was worth, never measured things from the standpoint of money. He liked the challenge of seeing his opinions confirmed."

Wolfson sees in Laz Barrera, who trains Affirmed, many of the same qualities he saw in Hirsch Jacobs. He hired Barrera in 1974 to replace his ailing trainer, Burley Parke, mostly on the strength of an incident that took place years earlier. As Wolfson tells it, Barrera had a horse, Grid Iron Hero, that he was interested in buying. Barrera's share would have been \$20,000—peanuts for Wolfson, big money for Laz in those days. Yet, when Wolfson came around to look at the horse, Barrera said, "Mr. Wolfson, I respect you too much to let you waste your money. This horse is not sound." Wolfson thanked Barrera for his candor and made a mental note to watch his career.

"He's my kind of man," says Wolfson. "When I was looking for a trainer, I remembered Barrera. I asked him to train exclusively for Harbor View Farm, but he told me he had one owner he didn't want to give up. The man had a malig-

nancy. Laz was afraid he might die if he dropped him. I was so impressed with his loyalty and his feeling. I told him to take part of my horses, if he wanted them, and he did."

Wolfson seems attracted to men such as Jacobs and Barrera, perhaps because they were underdogs, outsiders, who had to scuffle their way to the top, just as he did. Wolfson grew up poor in Jacksonville, and he first sought to realize the American Dream by becoming a football hero. But when injury cut short his career at the University of Georgia, he turned to business. His rise was spectacular. Along with his father and older brother Sam, he borrowed \$5,000 from a friend and \$5,000 on their insurance policies to start the Florida Pipe and Supply Company. Under Wolfson's guidance, sales grew from \$100,000 a year to \$4.5 million. Before he was 30, Wolfson was a millionaire.

In the late 1940s and the 1950s his international wheeling and dealing began to attract the attention of the Federal Government and resulted in congressional and grand jury investigations. These came to naught, but in 1966 Wolfson was indicted for his involvement in selling about \$3.5 million worth of shares of Continental Enterprises before filing a statement of registration with the Securities and Exchange Commission. The indictment charged that Wolfson conspired to use the mails to sell the securities without filing the necessary registration statement, and he was convicted and received a sentence of one year (reduced for good behavior) and was fined \$100,000. In 1969, when Wolfson was serving his time, Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas resigned after it was revealed that he had been a \$20,000-a-year consultant to the Wolfson Foundation.

Now, as then, Wolfson admits selling the stock but can't understand the severity of the penalty. He believes he was "framed" by unknown enemies in high places. After all, he says, these were the Nixon years, and he was an outspoken Democratic fund raiser and contributor with ties going back to John F. Kennedy's days in Congress. The Freedom of Information Act has opened all sorts of new avenues of inquiry that might vindicate him, says Wolfson, and he has cases pending in three courts.

Ever since he got out of prison, Wolfson has gone to great lengths to put his

conviction into perspective and to defend his honor. For example, whenever he feels a publication has taken a cheap shot at him, or misrepresented the facts of his case, he shoots off a letter demanding a retraction or a clarification.

"There was no perjury, no fraud, no manipulation, nothing even similar to a stock swindle," Wolfson insists. "I did sell my stock without registering it, but did so upon the advice of two separate attorneys that registration was not necessary. Full disclosure was made in my tax returns. I have no skeletons in my closet. My life is an open book."

Michael Armstrong, the assistant U.S. attorney who led the prosecution, challenges Wolfson's claims. "The man's resentment is understandable," Armstrong said last week, "but his charges are baseless and the courts have been rejecting them for 10 years. He was sentenced for selling roughly 10 times the legal limit of insider stock, using 10 different brokers, each of whom was told only about the sales he handled himself. This stock was sold to the general public, without proper disclosures, at a price of about \$8 per share. The price had just risen from \$2 and fell back to \$2 after Wolfson's sales. I am surprised to hear Wolfson claim that he made the sales on advice of counsel because he never raised the defense at trial. He also was convicted in a second case for false filing and perjury, but this conviction was later reversed on a technicality. I don't understand the reference to Richard Nixon because both cases were brought under a Democratic Administration and tried by prosecutors appointed by Robert Kennedy."

Wolfson's rise in racing was almost as impressive as his rise in the world of finance. "When I got into racing, I saw people trying to get a good horse by spending considerable money, but they never could get one," he says. "That motivated me. I said it could be done. I had always been successful in everything I tried, so I felt I could do it as well as anyone." Better, as it turned out. From the time he opened Harbor View in 1959 to the time he was convicted a decade later, Wolfson was regularly one of the nation's leading breeders and owners.

His foundation sire was Raise a Native, whom he bought for \$39,000 at the 1962 Saratoga yearling sales. The Native Dancer colt's strength—and his eventual undoing—was his terrific speed. He had impressive wins in his first four starts,

continued

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HORSE RACING *continued*

but broke down at Monmouth and was retired to stud. Wolfson says Raise a Native's breakdown has been his biggest disappointment in racing. However, Raise a Native has proved just as effective at stud as he was on the track. In fact, by curious coincidence, he is the sire of Alydar and the grandsire of Affirmed.

The conviction almost ended Wolfson's career in racing. He held on to his shares in Raise a Native, Exclusive Native and other top stallions, but sold most of his horses, often at ridiculously low prices, to pay off \$14.5 million in loans before he went to prison. When he was released, he spent a year trying to decide if he wanted to try to rebuild his stable. When he decided that he did, Wolfson did so in with typical drive and enthusiasm. When he heard that he might be denied an owner's license in New York, he let it be known that he was prepared to fight for it in the courts.

The cost involved in running an operation of Harbor View's magnitude is formidable, even for a man of Wolfson's means. He figures he must earn more than \$3 million a year just to break even, and he has lost as much as \$750,000 in a year. So, last year, to cut expenses and such potential risks as a barn fire, Wolfson sold the farm property and dispersed his nearly 250 horses to farms in Florida, Kentucky and New York. He estimates it costs him \$200,000 a year to keep his horses on farms other than his own but figures it's worth it in the long run. "You have to be very flexible," says Wolfson. "In business, you have machinery and equipment, but here you have a perishable merchandise. It's hard to make a forecast." Which is why, after the Derby, Wolfson ordered Ed McGrath, one of his insurance agents, to double Affirmed's life and disability insurance from \$3 million to \$6 million.

Mellowed though he may be, a lot of maverick is left in Wolfson. One of his targets is racing, which he calls "an industry of fools" because of the way its leaders have allowed governments to tax it. That kind of talk will not win him membership in the Jockey Club, but that is all right with Wolfson. He has his health, his wife and his horse.

"The thing that makes me proudest," says Patrice, "is that my husband and I have shared the pleasure of this horse. When you think that you are part of a team like this, well, these are memories you will have all your life."

END

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An easy-to-see electronic self-timer. The self-timer lets you get into your own pictures. It's a large flashing light mounted on the front of the camera. The flashing speeds up to let you know when the picture is about to be taken.



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MINOLTA XG7



To keep the boat upright in a breeze, Slingshot's outrigger device can be extended in either direction.

Rigged out for a record

Three-hulled Slingshot will be shooting for the world speed mark this autumn

Every fall a curious assortment of adventurers turns up at Weymouth, England, all bent on setting a world speed record for sailboats over a 500-meter course. Last year one light-hearted fellow entered an inflatable catamaran filled with helium; his craft's weight was but 26 pounds. Another entrant was a boat whose "sails" consisted of a spread of six kites that dragged the craft along at a speed of around six knots. Other skippers took a different, er, tack, some trying segmented sails that made the vessels resemble portable bleachers. Far surpassing all the entries, however, was the Goliath of speed sailing, *Crossbow II*, a British twin-hulled prah that broke her own world record of 31.8 knots by sailing at 33.8. That translates to 39 mph and means that *Crossbow II* dominates her open class.

Enter David, launched this month at Bay City, Mich., the appropriately named *Slingshot*—brainstorm, toy and latest enterprise of adventurer Karl Thomas and his brother George—will become the first

American entry in the speed trials, lending the event a degree of excitement heretofore absent in its seven-year history. With Karl Thomas, a 29-year-old German-born pepper pot, around, it could hardly be otherwise.

Thomas calls *Slingshot* a cross between an iceboat and an outrigger canoe. That's not terribly revealing: It's sort of like saying that the B-1 bomber is a cross between a Sputnik and a Titan missile. For the technically oriented, *Slingshot* is a proa, a multi-hulled craft of Polynesian origin that sails primarily on one hull, using the two outriggers for balance. The center hull, made of cedar, is 60 feet long and six feet wide and a harrowing $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of an inch thick. The two outrigger hulls, also of cedar, are 15 feet long and—*Slingshot's* most unusual feature—are attached to either end of a 44-foot aluminum rack that slides horizontally across the main hull. When *Slingshot* is racing, the windward outrigger (the outriggers are called control pods because the boat can be steered from either one) is suspended the full 44 feet out, while the leeward outrigger slides in against the main hull. The unique sliding rack enables *Slingshot* to make speed assaults on both port and starboard tacks, a trait *Crossbow II* does not share: when she goes for a record, it is on starboard tack only. This falling leads Thomas to refer to the world champion disdainfully as "a freak that can't return to her own harbor without a tow."

Predictably, *Slingshot's* reversible

control pods also lead to complications. As the wind heels the boat's 43-foot mast toward the water, the windward pod lifts into the air. To counteract this force, one by one the four-man crew tightropes out onto the pod, balancing on nine inches of aluminum with nothing to cling to but a guide wire. If the wind surpasses 25 mph, as it did last year when *Crossbow II* set the record, Thomas is convinced his *Slingshot* will be sailing along at 40 mph or better. In such conditions, all four crew members would have to be teetering out on the control pod to keep *Slingshot* from tipping over. If one of them were to fall off, an easily conceivable circumstance, the loss of weight could very well slingshot the rest of the crew up over the capsizing boat. Hence the vessel's name.

"It would be like a child jumping off a teeter-totter," says Thomas. "Everyone out on the outrigger would go flying from a height of about 40 feet. At that speed, a human body would skip like a stone—if it didn't get hung up in the lines first. It's really the only kind of sailing where a guy could actually get killed."

Nothing new there. Karl Thomas has been flirting with disaster for years. His earliest trauma was being kicked by a camel. After that, his parents, who traveled around Europe with a small German circus, had to keep baby Karl tied in the yard with a clothesline and dog harness to keep him from toddling into the menagerie. The family moved to the U.S., and by the time Thomas was 14 he had gotten a heavy dose of the sea by living aboard a boat in Miami and catching sharks for a local aquarium. At 17, convinced that his father was "bound and determined not to leave my brother and me an estate," Karl took off on his own. He got a pilot's license and wound up in Alaska flying the bush. In 1971 he moved to his present home in Troy, Mich., and started his own flying service. When he sold out four years later, it had blossomed into a million-dollar company.

It was in 1972 that Thomas and some friends made a pact to have a yearly adventure. Hopping about in his planes—"You can get into more mischief with an airplane than anything I know of"—in the next few years he explored Baja California, rafted down the Colorado and took a 13-country tour of the Americas in 15 days, during which he performed as a matador in a Guatemala bullfight armed only with a setoita's scarf. "I was

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told that if you did well, you got to keep the *señorita*—which you did. But first, you had to apprentice six months to her father."

In June of 1976, two months after getting married—not to the owner of the scarf—Thomas went into adventuring in a big way. He tried to cross the Atlantic in a helium-filled balloon.

The origins of *Slingshot* were seeded on a five-foot rubber life raft in the middle of the Atlantic. Thomas' balloon crossing ended after 34 hours when a thunderstorm dumped him 220 feet down into the ocean, 400 miles south of Newfoundland. Thomas' was the 13th attempt to cross the Atlantic by balloon, and five balloonists before him had died. Of those who hadn't, most had never made it out of sight of land. In fact, the flight immediately preceding Thomas', made from California by Publisher Malcolm Forbes, aborted immediately. So, 1,000 miles out to sea, Karl Thomas had nothing to be ashamed of.

Once in his raft, he rigged a sail out of a blanket and set off for Newfoundland. En route he decided he might as well break the record for survival in a life raft, which he hazily remembered as 39 days (the record is actually 133 days). In any case, his speed toward Newfoundland, as figured by his 26-year-old brother George, a naval architect who designs nuclear submarines, was around one knot per hour.

After four days in the raft, Karl was picked up by a Russian trawler and deposited in Rotterdam. But that short voyage in the life raft and subsequent discussions with brother George left Karl Thomas determined to skipper a sailboat to the world speed record. George, an avid SORC sailor familiar with the exploits of *Crossbow II*, set about designing *Slingshot*.

When Karl Thomas first approached Gougeon Brothers, boatbuilders of Bay City, Mich., with the *Slingshot* design, Jan Gougeon, whose wooden-hulled racers have taken a Canada's Cup and Little America's Cup in the past few years, dismissed him as a defunct balloonist who had spent too many hours out in a life raft. One talk with George convinced him otherwise. "Karl is like a little kid with his enthusiasm and his adventures," says Gougeon. "He gets carried away just thinking about racing a boat. But George is a sharp guy. He's taken a new approach to speed sailing. Instead of increasing

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SAILING continued

speed by adding great gobs of sail, like *Crossbow II*, he's doing it by cutting down drag."

Slingshot is an amazingly light 1,850 pounds—a traditional 60-foot sailboat might weigh 40,000—and can plane like a powerboat. The ultra-narrow *Crossbow II* (each hull is two feet across) slices through the water like a scull. "In effect, they're trying to drive a pencil through a snowbank faster than we can slide a ruler over it," George says. The difference in resistance is such that *Crossbow II* carries 1,400 square feet of sail, while *Slingshot's* total sail area is 630 square feet.

Early testings in May had everyone connected with *Slingshot* excited. The boat has already sailed more than 20 knots in winds of 10 knots, which is unheard of around Saginaw Bay. "She's one fast s.o.b., I'll tell you that," Jan Gougeon says. "When she starts planing at about 18 knots, people are going to start falling out of their chairs to see it. The design works. If they can sail her, she'll do 40 easy."

And if she does, what's in it for the Thomas brothers, who have sunk about \$100,000 into *Slingshot*? "If you mean money, nothing," says Karl. "Some people see psychiatrists; others pray; I have adventures. It's a way to separate one year from the next."

"The thing I love about adventures is using your wits to win out over the unforeseen. When I was in that balloon, there must have been 20 things go wrong that I took care of. I deserved to cross the Atlantic. And even when I was in the raft and thought I was done for, I wanted to tell my friends not to feel bad, because I was there of my own volition, and that's more than most people can dictate to death."

And next year's adventure? "I won't think about it until this is over," says Karl, but there is a glint in his eye. "Of course, the record for sailing across the Atlantic hasn't been broken since 1905."

George casts a glance at his brother. "She's not built for stress," he says.

"Of course she's not. But she could be modified," Karl says.

George has the look of a patient father. "No, she couldn't."

"She might. George always shudders when I mention that," he says as his brother shudders. "We'll think of something, though. Take up a new field, I guess. That's the only way you learn."

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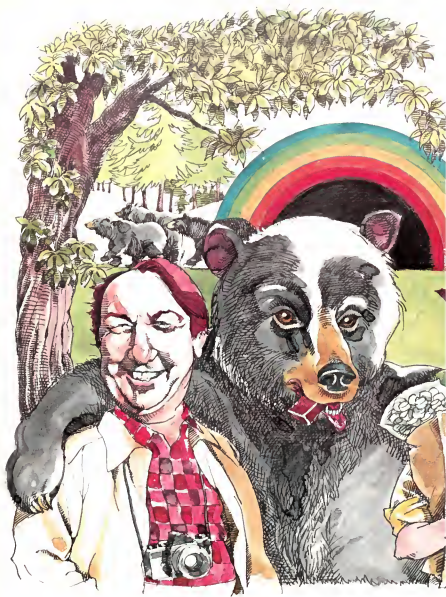
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BEARING UP UNDER THE STRAIN

*Far from fleeing the encroachment
of civilization, black bears plainly relish
the good life of exurbia*

BY BIL GILBERT

The bear is a classic and enduring American symbol for the benevolent wild. We tend to think well of bears, viewing them as large, powerful, stubborn creatures capable of mischief but somehow vaguely humorous and, like defensive toddlers, essentially good-hearted. However, when it comes to direct dealings with bears, our behavior has not been especially benign. For better than three centuries we have been hunting them, trapping them, setting dogs on them, clearing and leveling their natural habitat. With the notable exception of grizzlies, bears have held up *under this harassment better than many* less conspicuous, more mobile creatures. Although there are fewer bears in the U.S. than there were when Europeans first came to the continent, they still remain reasonably numerous. Bears now exist in population pockets scattered throughout most of

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERRY GERSTEN



BLACK BEARS continued

their former range, which was just about all of the wooded parts of the country.

Bears have suffered from what is called civilization, but they are outstanding exceptions to the generally held (but only sometimes true) notion that people and wild beasts are incompatible. Take the most abundant U.S. species, the black bear. There is little evidence that black bears shy away from civilized areas or that, like good Sierra Clubbers, they find them psychologically, morally and esthetically repugnant. To the contrary, given any encouragement or even tolerance, black bears tend to make a beeline for settlements and prosper there until they are scragged or shoosed away by frightened residents. Where this scragging and shoosing process has been suspended, as in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, black bears have lumbered in from all over the woods to live cheek by jowl, snout by Winnebago, with people.

An even better place than the somewhat artificial public sanctuaries to observe the natural capacity black bears have for coping with civilization is the Pocono Mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania. The well-populated Poconos are within 100 miles of New York City, in fact within half a day's drive of more than a quarter of the population of the entire U.S. Along with other recreationists, the Poconos attract a formidable number of hunters. Nevertheless, there are upward of 600 black bears living in these mountains. Collectively, they may be the biggest and most reproductively energetic black bears in the world.

Much of the mountainous areas of northern Pennsylvania, hill country that stretches across the state from New Jersey to Ohio, is very good bear country, supporting an estimated population of more than 2,500 animals. Tucked in between the turnpikes, strip mines and factory towns are a lot of uninhabited Appalachian ridges and ravines that offer bears suitable places for denning, rearing cubs and feeding. The foraging is excellent, the forested highlands producing tons of acorn mast, berries and other edibles for the omnivorous bears. The climate—sharp but not extended winters and coolish, moist summers—also suits the hibernation, mating, birthing and feeding requirements of bears.

The Poconos have all these advantages for bears plus some special ones. Unlike the other Pennsylvania mountains, the Poconos were glaciated. As a result, they are studded with little lakes and ponds and swampy areas. This makes for good black bear habitat. They are tough, durable creatures and can take a lot of cold, ice, starvation, bee stings and even buckshot, but they cannot take much heat and sun. Their thick black coats absorb heat, and prolonged exposure to hot sun can be very uncomfortable for them, even fatal. Therefore, in the summer bears retire during the day, and a favorite place for doing this is a bit of shaded mud or water. The highland sphagnum bogs of the Poconos make fine bear wallows and also produce a lot of succulent bear food.



For some of the same reasons—pleasant climate, attractive, well-watered mountains, nice forests—in the 20th century people have become as fond of the Poconos as bears presumably always have been. The mountains are a popular resort and recreation area, heavily used by metropolitan residents of eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. Something like six million visitors a year descend upon the Poconos to get a breath of fresh air, to cool off, to hunt, to fish, to play games, to camp. They buy lots, build cabins, chalets and A-frames and construct mobile-home foundations.

That an appreciable number of bears continued to share the Poconos with recreationists and permanent residents has long been common knowledge. Every fall hunters killed about 100 bears in the Poconos. (This year for the second year in a row there will be no Pennsylvania bear-hunting season—more on the reason why later.) However, there was very little specific information available about the bear community, whether the population was declining or increasing, what effects the hunting, land development and general human use of the area was having on it. In hopes of amassing systematic data about the bear situation, a study involving Penn State academics and the Pennsylvania game commission was initiated 11 years ago. Funding and interest were sporadic for a time, but during the past four



years the study has been pursued vigorously and has concentrated on the Pocono area. Currently the principal field researcher is 26-year-old Gary Alt, who grew up on a dairy farm on the fringes of the Poconos and became involved in bear studies as a graduate student at Penn State. Now employed by the game commission, he is continuing his research into the status and life-style of the Pocono bears.

Alt is an exceptionally engaging and exuberant man, even for a wildlife researcher. Alt says he often lies awake at night wondering where his bears are and what they are doing, and wakes up most mornings thinking how lucky he is to be earning a living consorting with bears. Officially, Alt's bears are those that live in 1,000 square miles of what is designated as the Pocono Bear Study Project. However, as a practical matter most of his efforts thus far have been concentrated in 200 square miles of Pike County in the northeastern corner of the Poconos.

The original objective of the study was to identify as many individual bears as possible and thus get a rough idea of the size and composition of the population. Much of Alt's time is spent live-trapping bears with snares, or in big culvert sections converted into box traps set in feeding areas and along game trails. Once caught and tranquilized, the bears are measured and their age determined by extracting a tooth for examination. Each bear is then assigned

an identifying number that is tattooed on the inside of its upper lip. A metal ear tag is also affixed. Colored streamers go with the tag, making the bear readily identifiable in the field for as long as the ribbons last. Finally, to the extent such expensive equipment is available, selected bears are rigged with heavy leather collars into which are built small radio transmitters. For a year or more the transmitters emit a pulsing sound signal that can be picked up on a mobile receiver. The movement of the bears equipped with radio telemetric devices can be closely and continually monitored and tracked either from light aircraft or surface vehicles. During the course of the study project, 342 individual bears have been trapped and marked in the Poconos. Based on this sample, Alt now estimates that approximately 250 bears regularly use some part of Pike County.

Until recently the study was principally concerned with who-are-they questions. The second, more sophisticated, what-are-they-doing phase is only just commencing, but enough information has been accumulated to suggest that in the Poconos there is a bear community considerably different from those in other parts of the country. For example, there is the matter of winter denning. Alt says bear researchers in other areas report that their bears den up tighter than a drum come early winter. In the Poconos, only one class of bears, adult females who are either pregnant or mature enough to bear cubs, crawl into dens and hibernate throughout the winter. Females with cubs (family groups remain together for about a year and a half) usually do not hibernate but remain active through the winter, only occasionally and briefly laying up in temporary shelters. Adult males do not so much den as nest, raking together piles of leaves and grass, then sacking out on them more or less in the open. "Some of the males will remain on their nests for three or four months," says Alt, "but others will get up now and then to wander around. None appear to be in deep hibernation. If you come close they will jump up immediately. When they get up, the first thing they do is urinate—gallons, it seems like. Then they start moving. They may travel for miles and never come back to the nest site."

In the true dens, which are under ledges, in excavated dirt holes and in windfalls, the females give birth to their cubs—in the Poconos to remarkable numbers of them. The average litter is more than three cubs per female. In other areas for which there is documentation, the average is generally two cubs or less. Furthermore, the Pocono sows often breed at the age of two, and nearly all will have bred by the time they are three years old. First breeding in other areas often does not occur until females are four or five. One of the best-known Pocono bears is a 10-year-old female known as Vanessa (after Alt's wife). Vanessa, who has been monitored by telemetry, has probably borne at least 15 cubs. Beginning in 1974, when she is known to have had a litter of four, she has had 13 cubs. In 1976 she had a litter of five and had another four in 1978. To Alt's

continued

knowledge, Vanessa is the most fertile black bear ever known.

The ursine matrons of the Poconos deliver big litters and they also raise very big cubs. Having foraged under the supervision of their mothers during their first summer, the Pocono cubs weigh between 70 and 125 pounds as winter approaches. By comparison, in Minnesota first-winter cubs weigh about 30 pounds, according to a bear study in that state.

The Pocono bears start out big and keep on growing. The largest one trapped during the project was a male weighing more than 600 pounds, and he was not taken in the fat season. Alt has handled a number of 500-pound males and a 365-pound female. While the record for a black bear in neighboring New York State is some 750 pounds (a male shot in the Adirondacks), Alt and most of his fellow researchers feel it is very likely that the black bears in the Poconos are, on the average, bigger than those found elsewhere.

The emerging statistical profile of the Pocono bear population raises the question of why are they so exceptionally large and fertile? As yet, there are only speculative answers. The most obvious one is that environmental factors account for the robustness of the population: the Poconos are excellent bear habitat. Two other theoretical explanations are more tenuous and are essentially based on the relationship between bears and people. The first theory may seem paradoxical but, in fact, reflects an assumption held by many wildlife biologists. It is that stress will often stimulate a species, especially its reproductive drive. The Pocono bears live close to a lot of people and for a long time have been heavily hunted. In response, the theory runs, they may have begun to breed earlier and to produce more cubs than otherwise would be the case.

The second theory is the antithesis of the first. It is that people in the Poconos, far from making things hard for the bears, have made life very agreeable for them. For one thing, intentionally or inadvertently, people there provide the bears with a lot of supplementary food. The bears have become fat and fecund not because of hard times but because of very good times.

Moreover, unlike areas farther west in Pennsylvania in which most of the wilderness is publicly owned and administered as state forest and game lands where until recently hunting was permitted, much of the Poconos is privately owned. In Pike County, for example, there are 23,000 acres of very tightly controlled prime wilderness in the old

and prestigious Blooming Grove Club, which is sparingly used and hunted over by a very few affluent members. There is a new 4,500-acre development called Hemlock Farms, a recreational community with 1,500 homes, 250 of which are occupied the year round. There are also numerous smaller vacation and retirement communities and innumerable camps, cabins and cottages sitting on a few acres of ground. Most of these tracts (all of Hemlock Farms, for example) are off limits for public hunting and trapping. This has created an extensive maze of safety zones for wild creatures, and bears have thrived in them.

Five of Gary Alt's radio-instrumented bears and seven cubs are currently using parts of Hemlock Farms as home territory. During the past four years 18 cubs have been born in the development. Two winters ago one sow bore

five cubs under a ledge only 50 yards from a house occupied by a couple from Brooklyn who were unaware of the happy event. Another bear hibernated 20 feet from a paved residential street in Hemlock Farms; again nobody but Alt knew the bear was there, and he kept mum about it. "Especially in Hemlock Farms most of the people are from the city, the New York area," says Alt. "They don't poke about much in the woods. What really surprised me was one of the pet dogs. I'd watch him come down along the road where that bear was denning. He'd lift his leg against a boulder and go on about his business, apparently unaware that the bear was so close. I guess he was a true city dog."

Not all of the Pocono residents are that oblivious to wild creatures. Many of them come to the mountains with the express hope of mingling with wildlife. One of the best ways of doing so is to get the beasts to come to you by feeding them. Deer, turkeys, squirrels and raccoons are regularly enticed, and bear feeding is even more in vogue. In fact, what might be called bear chic, a certain competitiveness about how many bears are fed and how, has become rife. Jack and Alice Huhn, a couple from Doylestown, 30 miles north of Philadelphia, are good examples of people who are into bear chic.

Several years ago Alice Huhn's brother bought a cabin on leased state forest land in Pike County. Jack and Alice became regular visitors. They liked what Jack touts as "the good air and peace and quiet," and they were enchanted by the animals, including the bears who routinely came to the cabin yard to feed on scraps of suet put out for them. In 1975 another cabin in the area became available, and the Huhns bought it. From early spring to late fall they spend



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most of their weekends in the Poconos, and Alice's parents, Elsie and Charlie Rounsavill, live there year round. All four devote much of their time catering, in a very literal sense, to bears.

Each day the Rounsavills—and on weekends the Huhns—spend a few hours preparing and setting out a very fancy shish kebab that most evenings serves one or more bears. Four bears in one sitting is the cabin record. On a stout wire in the backyard they skewer and hang alternate chunks of suet, marshmallows and bread that they toast and spread with honey or bacon grease. They feel the variety and order is important because it appeals to finicky bears and discourages excessively greedy ones.

"That Gary Bear," says Alice Huhn, "he is such a character. He just loves honey bread. He'd gobble up the whole string if you gave him a chance."

Gary, a mature young male, is one of three or four readily identifiable bears who regularly dine at the cabin. The Huhns and Rounsavills admit that he is gluttonous, overly fond of lady bears and unpleasant with members of his own sex (except for Doc, a 500-pounder who occasionally shows up), but nevertheless, Gary Bear is the family's current favorite.

"I tell you something that I think is just great," says Jack Huhn. "It's seeing Gary with a Milky Way bar. We'll toss one out the window to him. He will grab it, roll over on his back and take off the paper before he gulps it down. He is really a comical bear, even if he is a freecat."

Both families have fat albums full of snapshots of Gary and other bears scoffing down high-calorie tidbits. To better photograph the bears, they have floodlit the backyard, which hasn't deterred the bears in the least. The families keep a bear log in which is recorded every visit, and the Huhns and Rounsavills have become local bear authorities. "Not long ago," says Alice, "a lady told me 'I've been coming to the Poconos for three years and have never seen any of the bears, but just last night I saw the cutest one with red ribbons in his ears.' I told her that was our Jackie Bear."

As some couples may have heated swimming pools or revolving bars to entertain their guests, the Huhns and Rounsavills have bears, and coming to see them is a popular form of socializing in their circle. "When we have friends or relatives over we usually wait in the bedrooms because that has the best window," says Elsie Rounsavill. "Maybe we will start a card game while we are waiting, but, even if it is in the middle of a hand, you can bet those cards are thrown down when a bear comes in. I don't know of anybody who doesn't enjoy the show the bears put on."

Jack Huhn estimates that each week, from March through November, they feed the bears about 100 pounds of suet, half a dozen loaves of bread and a few bags of mixed sweets. The Rounsavills also set out a daily meal at their son's nearby cabin so the bears will be around weekends when he is there. This works out to something like three or four tons of bear food provided each year at the two cabins. Admittedly the Huhns and Rounsavills are big-time suppliers, but they are by no means the only ones in the Poconos. Bear feeding is a common recreation. Counting feeding lines, picnic scraps, garbage and other leftovers, it is likely that people in Pike

County are setting out a quarter of a million pounds of bear food every year. What effect this has on the bears is debatable, but it is at least conceivable that the largess is what has come to be called supportive, giving the bears a guaranteed income and providing them with a cushion against untimely failures or shortages of natural food.

By and large, wildlife professionals do not like either the fact of or the implications of this feeding of wild animals by the general public. Dr. James Lindzey, head of the Pennsylvania Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit based at Penn State (and Alt's former academic supervisor), says he would like to see bear feeding drastically curtailed in the Poconos, but he concedes that any such regulations would be difficult to enforce and very unpopular.

From the standpoint of game people, "habitation" of wild creatures causes all sorts of problems—at least for the managers. It is thought that artificial feeding, whatever the nutritional deficiencies resulting from freeloading on honey toast may be, somehow corrupts the animals psychologically, makes them less natural. Situations are created in which the animals are thought to be more likely to cause damage to property, injury to people and bad publicity for game commissions. Habituated animals, it is argued, become easier but less sporty quarry. Finally, there is a deep-rooted assumption—not always spelled out—among many public wildlife agents that hunting is the best and most legitimate recreational use of game and that other human-animal relationships, like exchanging suet for entertainment, are both quantitatively and qualitatively inferior, if not despicable. When it comes to comparing the pleasure factor involved in the two forms of recreation, no hard judgment is, or probably ever will be, possible.

Philosophical and biological disputes aside, bear feeding in the Poconos has made the work of bear trappers easier. Alt has captured most of his bears near pines, jutting over decks and garages, where it is easy to set and service traps. Furthermore, the popularity of bear feeding has enabled Alt to put together an informal network of 100 or so volunteer observers who let him know what is going on with the bears and the traps in their backyards.

Last May one of these observers, Earl Miller, who lives near Hemlock Farms, called Alt to say that not one bear but two were in a trap just beyond his barbecue grill. Alt rushed over and found that one of the bears was the famous and fecund Vanessa. He was glad to get her because her collar radio had gone dead and he wanted to install a replacement. The second animal was one of Vanessa's five yearling cubs, and he, too, was regarded as a good subject for radio telemetry.

Alt put both bears to sleep, first Vanessa and then her cub, with a dose of tranquilizer administered by a hypodermic-tipped pole. It took him about half an hour per bear to examine and collar them. Then he administered a recovery drug. Two minutes later each animal was on its feet and able to run off through the woods.

The process is a customary one for field biologists, but the circumstances under which Alt worked were peculiar.

at least as compared to those popularly associated with intrepid wildlife researchers. Surrounding Alt and the bears were a dozen or so people—the Millers, some neighbors and two passersby. They crowded in closely with questions, advice and instamatics. Dorothy Miller made a large pot of coffee. When Alt found he did not have enough rivets in his tool box to properly secure Vanessa's new radio collar, a bystander obligingly drove to a neighborhood hardware store and brought back more rivets. He was gone only about five minutes. Such is the call of the wild in northeastern Pennsylvania.

For research purposes, Alt assigns a number to each bear trapped, but bear buffs in the Poconos give names to the marked animals. Vanessa had been christened long before, but now her cub was up for naming and the consensus was that because of where he had been trapped he should be named after Miller. Thus, Earl.

After their release Vanessa and Earl were rejoined by the other cubs. However, June is when yearling family groups begin to break up, the cubs dispersing as the female enters her breeding season. Two weeks after he was trapped, Earl split and, as is customary for young males, set off on a long trek during which he visited, among other places, New Jersey. He got into a garbage dump and one day wandered across a golf course, frightening several foursomes into triple bogeys. Alt, meeting Earl Miller at a lunch counter, told him about Earl Bear's escapades. "He's a chip off the old block," Miller chuckled. "Just like me. As soon as I got out of diapers I started traveling around raising hell."

So far in the Pocono study project, 581 captures of 342 individual bears have been made. In that time there have been four bear fatalities attributable at least in part to trapping. Two of these were very weak animals, who died after release from the traps. Both had been badly maimed previously (one from a collision with a motor vehicle, the other from gunshot wounds) and might not have survived under any circumstances. A third bear reacted fatally to the standard tranquilizer dosage. The fourth, a 100-pound yearling, was killed by another bear while in the trap—an unusual occurrence.

Black bears are normally placid creatures, unaggressive in their dealings with people. Alt has dealt with the animals in very touchy circumstances—for example, crawling into occupied dens and handling cubs in the presence of females. He has never been injured or even seriously threatened. One of his pet peeves is the high incidence of ferociously growling bears in movies and on TV. So far as he knows, black bears do not growl. They snort, wheeze and slurp, and make an odd chopping sound when annoyed. However, Alt and everyone else who has been around bears recognize that they are immensely strong (they can break the neck of a heifer with one blow of a forepaw) and, though they seldom assert themselves, can be very dangerous. People have been killed by black bears in other parts of the country, but the fatalities are remarkably few, considering the close contact between black bears and humans.

People have been injured or killed by bears when they have come too close to one, sometimes in an attempt to

feed it, and once someone tried to get a bear to hold a lighted cigar in its mouth for photographic purposes. When a bear is annoyed he will respond, usually, by swinging a paw. Even for the knowledgeable, bears can be tricky. They do not show their emotions. Besides being inscrutable, they have very short fuses in certain situations, especially while feeding. Konrad Lorenz, the noted animal behaviorist, has written, "If you have an enemy, give him a tame bear."

So far there have been no official reports of anyone being injured by a bear in the Poconos. One bow hunter was coming up a path down which a bear was ambling on his way to a feeding station. The hunter panicked and fled, fell over some rocks and suffered minor lacerations. However, the bear did not touch him, nor as can best be determined, did it have any intention of doing so. One bold lady vacationer decided to try to get a bear to take marshmallows that she held between her teeth. When she was found working on her act, trying to coax a bear to take part, she was convinced by horrified members of the bear study group to abandon the project.

But bears in the Poconos have caused disturbances and they have frightened newcomers, not with aggressive acts but simply because they are bears. One night the security guard at Hemlock Farms got a panicky call from a couple, honeymooners from Dallas, who were using one of the chalets. They were, they said, surrounded by a herd of hostile, growling bears and they needed help fast. In fact, they were simply being visited by two bears who were peacefully rummaging through the trash.

Getting into and littering garbage is the most common complaint against the bears, but they have also caused agricultural damage, mashing fields of new corn, knocking over beehives, killing a pig. One bear got into a chicken house and killed 35 hens, more says Alt, who investigated the incident, in a spirit of play than as a foraging enterprise. Bears are not very good hunters, being unable to easily catch free-moving, active creatures. Bears will eat almost anything, including carrion, but when it comes to predation, they usually confine themselves to creatures of the grub, amphibian and ground squirrel class.

Bears who repeatedly cause trouble in the Poconos are usually brought to the attention of Alt. By using lights, noises, firecrackers and soft wax bullets he tries to discourage them from revisiting the area. If this does not work—and bears are not easily bluffed—he attempts to trap the offender and then release it at a spot some distance away. Thus far, 44 nuisance bears have been caught and translocated, some of them several times. Of 37 trapped bears who were transported 40 air miles or less from the scene of their mischief, 20 returned to it, usually within a few days of their release. Three bears, cubs without their mother, did not return, while the movements of the remaining 14 could not be documented. Although the translocation operation has not been a total success, it has supplied a lot of interesting information about theoming instincts of bears.

One female with two cubs was a hen-house raider. She and one of her cubs were trapped, the female was radio-collared, and released nine miles away. With the female leading, the cub trotting along in her wake, the two bears made a zigzag trip through the countryside and were back at the



old stand in a few days, where they located and rejoined the cub who had been left behind.

A trapped male, a garbage nuisance, was moved 20 miles away, released and observed. He traveled about half a mile and then, according to Alt's report, "He stopped and began sidestepping with his front feet while pivoting about his hind feet. This resulted in a curcling pattern, with his nose forming the circumference and his hind feet the center or pivot point. He completed almost two full circles before stopping with the axis of his body headed homeward."

However, this bear did not immediately make a beeline for home. He lay about for three days and then took two more to make his way back. During his travels his peculiar directional-finding behavior was observed two more times.

For anyone who wants to rid himself permanently of bears, the proper procedure seems to be simply to move them a considerable distance. Of the nine Pocono bears that have been transported farther than 40 miles, only two have definitely returned to their original territories.

Despite occasional problems with the animals, opinion in the Pocono recreation areas seems to be overwhelmingly pro-bear. One woman who had been feeding and admiring a female bear found her dead but in the legal possession of the hunter who had shot her. The woman set upon the cowed fellow to such an extent that later, back in his own

safety zone, he complained to the game commission about being humiliated and threatened. Alice and Jack Huhn have chased prospective hunters away from their Pocono home.

Bear-hunting policies are now causing a considerable flap all over the state. Up to now, Pennsylvania has managed its bears and their hunters very loosely. A general hunting license, good for all game species, was all that was required of a bear hunter. The only prohibition was against killing a cub born that year, but the size of many of the young Pennsylvania bears made it almost impossible, even for experts, to distinguish them in the field from their elders. In consequence many large young cubs were killed, and game agents never took violators to court for it. Otherwise the policy was simply to turn the hunters loose for a time (a one-day season from 1972 through 1976, longer ones before that) and let them take any animals they met. The hope was for a balanced toll; not too many bears would be taken, but enough to keep down complaints from the hunters.

In November 1976 bear day came at a very good time—at least for the hunters. There was a light snow covering most of the mountains, not enough to impede travel but just right for tracking. There had been a bumper crop of acorn mast, and the bears were moving about, feeding in the open. By evening the 175,000 hunters had bagged 604 bears. This total had been surpassed only four times in the

continued



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BLACK BEARS continued

60-some years that records had been kept.

With the number of bears in the state estimated at slightly more than 2,500, game commission staffers were concerned that the bear population could not withstand many 600-kill years, especially if they happened to come in close succession. Others who felt the same way, or even more strongly, were members of the Fund for Animals, who had been predicting that under the present system hunters would exterminate the black bear. There had been considerable agitation among protectionists to have the bear declared an endangered species.

In May 1977 the game commission announced that there would be no bear hunting that year, and perhaps for a longer period. The Fund for Animals people claim the prohibition was a response to their pressure. Dale Sheffer, chief of game management for the state game commission, says it definitely was not. Whatever the reason, the moratorium was declared. Since then the commission has been pushing for legislation creating a special bear license, which it is hoped will give officials more flexibility in controlling the number of hunters and the time and place for hunting. Furthermore, the entire status of the bear would be reviewed and hunting revisions and reforms perhaps instigated on the basis of more and better field research. Meanwhile, the moratorium was extended through 1978.

Three other bear studies, one in central, one in western and one in south-western Pennsylvania, are under way, but for the present the best source of hard information is the Pocono project, which is one reason why Gary Alt is now a game commission employee.

Alt and other game biologists believe that the Pocono population is now more or less stable. Despite a steady migration of young males out of the area, despite the loss of bears from highway fatalities (about 50 annually throughout the state) and despite the continuing encroachment of humans on their habitat, Alt believes the Pocono black bears will not be threatened by a resumption of controlled hunting. Because reproductive rates are high, food sources and other natural conditions excellent and disease almost nonexistent, he feels that without limited harvesting over-density could become a problem.

Much of the information Alt is col-

lecting may result in better management for both hunters and bears. For example, one of his special interests is the movement of young females. Thus far, it seems they tend to remain in the same territories in which they matured—that is, their mother's home range—to breed, reproduce and raise their own cubs. Obviously if the overall population began to increase in response to lessened hunting pressure, such behavior could not go on indefinitely. There would be densely populated pockets in which females and cubs would be falling all over themselves. If left to their own devices, the females presumably would disperse into more marginal areas. However, in the heavily settled Poconos this could cause a lot of new and more serious bear-people problems. Alt speculates that artificial dispersal—trapping the young females and transplanting them to wilder, but less populated bear ranges in the western part of the state—might be worth considering.

The denning behavior of pregnant females is also a matter of scientific and management interest. There is evidence that these females den earlier and are more torpid than other bears. As more information is collected about when these females begin to hibernate, the hunting season might be scheduled for the period after they are denned. Hunters could still pursue wandering males and females with yearlings, but the mothers-to-be (and thus the next year's crop of cubs) would be relatively secure.

Last winter in a data-collecting exercise Alt was able to locate 11 sites being used as dens by sows who were of an age or in a condition to be pregnant. Ten of the matrons did indeed give birth to cubs, 35 of them in all. Casually, Alt reveals that he collected this information by crawling into the dens and hollows to examine the mothers and infants.

Like all serious researchers, Alt is an information junkie, constantly being stimulated by the realization that every question about bears that he finds the answer to seems to raise half a dozen new and unanswered ones. He nonetheless feels he now has an adequate base of information for answering questions about the population dynamics and general life-style of the Pocono bears. As a bonus, it is possible that he might sleep a little better at night knowing exactly who and where so many of his urbane acquaintances are

END

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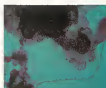


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 22-28

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: Elton Frazier scored 23 points and Bobby Danziger 34 as Washington defeated Seattle 106-98 to break a nine-game losing streak in championship play. Danziger took over the point guard's role and set three playoff series in one game. But three days later, the Sonics held off a last-ball surge for a 93-92 victory, taking a 2-1 series lead (page 26).

BOXING—CARLOS PALMORINO retained his WBC welterweight title, winning a unanimous 13-round decision over Armando Manzanillo in Los Angeles.

GOLF—With a birdie on the final hole, JERRY HEARD shot a tournament-record 19-under-par 269 to win the \$200,000 Atlanta Classic. Tom Watson, Bob Murphy and Lou Graham tied for second two strokes back.

HOCKEY—NHL: Montreal defeated Boston as Games 5 and 6 by identical scores of 4-1 to take its third consecutive Stanley Cup championship. The Canadiens are the first team since the 1963-64 Toronto Maple Leafs to win three titles in a row (page 28).

WIIA: The first period belonged to New England, but after that it was all Winnipeg as the Jets defeated the Whalers 5-3 to win their second Avco Trophy in three years by sweeping the first three playoff games. By the end of the first period New England was ahead 2-0 on goals by Mike Antonowicz and Rick Ley. In the second period the Jets picked up momentum. Dave Krynkow and Lyle Morfin scoring within 12 seconds to tie the game. Fourteen minutes later Anders Holberg scored to put the Jets ahead to stay. In the third period Bobby Hull scored the crowd to 4-2, but New England's George Lyle closed it to 4-3 before the end of the period. With 32 seconds remaining in the final period, Holberg scored on an empty-net goal to give the Jets their fifth victory in three last 12 meetings with New England. It was Holberg's final game with the Jets before he and teammate Ulf Nilsson join the New York Rangers of the NHL.

HORSE RACING—TEMPEST QUEEN (111.88), ridden by Jorge Velazquez, scored a 15-length win over Lakenby Miss in the \$55,290 Astor Sales at Belmont.

LACROSSE—JOHNS HOPKINS upset defending champion Cornell 13-8 in New Brunswick, N.J. to win the NCAA championship (page 24).

MOTOR SPORTS—Driving a Lola-Chaparral-Cosworth, AL UNSER won his third Indianapolis 500, finishing 8.3 seconds ahead of Tom Sneva in a Penske-Cosworth Saab also finished second last year (page 20).

DARRILL WALTREP, driver of a Chevrolet, won the \$10,000 World 600 stock-car race in Charlotte, N.C. Donnie Allison finished second.

SOCCER—NASL: Chicago, which had been 9-10, got its first win, beating Detroit 2-1 on a pair of goals by Karl Henry Grainger. Tony Fiala, a former Cosmos forward, scored the only goal in injury minutes upon the Cosmos 1-0 Minnesota, winning for the seventh time this season, defeated Tampa Bay 3-2. The Rowdies traded their leading scorer, Derek Smithers, to San Diego for Peter Andriy. Recently acquired Brian Budd scored a hat trick for Toronto in its 4-3 win over Dallas. The Metro also defeated Seattle 3-1 at home earlier in the week. Mike Farnham, the second-highest scorer in the league, had two goals as New England beat San Jose 3-1. Houston, led by Kevin Walsh's hat trick, shut out Colorado 4-0.

ASE, Petr Garcia assisted on the first goal and scored the winner as California beat Sacramento 2-1. The Southern California Azules beat the New York Eagles 2-0 for their second consecutive defeat. Steve Newman scored the only goal as the Italy Dandelions defeated the Los Angeles Skyblades 1-0. The night before, the Skyblades beat Cleveland 2-1.

TENNIS—Top-seeded BJORN BORG defeated Adriano Panatta 1-6, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3 to win the \$210,000 Italian Open in Rome.

Led by John McEnroe and Matt Macmillan, STANFORD won the NCAA team championship in Athens, Ga., defeating UCLA 4-3 in the final. McEnroe, who made it to the semifinal round at Wimbledon last summer, and Macmillan won singles matches and then combined to win the doubles, to give Stanford its fourth championship in the last six years.

WTT: Sandy Mayer and Virginia Wade, whom New York trailed in the Gordon Govey before the season, led their sides to a 25-22 victory over the Argentines, teaming with Frew McMillan in doubles to defeat Ray Ruffels and Fred Scobie 6-3 and winning the men's singles 6-3 over Ruffels. Wade took the women's singles, defeating LeAnne Russell 6-4. The next night, Martina Navratilova defeated the 1977 Wimbledon champion 6-4 as Rivon scored its eighth victory in a row (one short of the team record), as the Leibniz team 30-18. On Friday, Wendy Turnbull beat Wade 7-5 as New Orleans defeated the Golden Gulls 21-22. New Orleans also topped San Diego's 11-match winning streak with a 23-26 win in the Supercup before only 1,214 spectators. Filling in for Billie Jean King, who

had bronchitis, Russell upset Navratilova 7-6 as New York beat Boston 20-22.

TRACK & FIELD—KATHY MILLS of Penn State set a women's world record of 15:33 in the 5,000, lowering Jan Meyrick's record by 16 seconds, and set a new record of 9:08 for the 3,000-meter run at the AAUW championships in Knoxville, Tenn. At the same time, PATTY VAN WOLFEAENE of USC set an American women's record of 13:11 in the 2,000-meter relay and also bested defending champion UCLA for the team title, 27-47.

The USC 800-meter relay team of JOEL ANDREWS (39.5), JAMES SANFORD (37.7), BILLY MULLINS (39.7) and CLANCY EDWARDS (19.4) ran a world record 1:20.3 in the San Devil Relay Classic in Tempe, Ariz., breaking the previous mark of 1:21.4, held by Arizona State. The Tobias Striders won the event in 1:20.2, but because the team was composed of athletes of different nationalities, its time will not be recognized as a world record.

MILEPOSTS—PENALIZED: KANSAS STATE, by the Big Eight, for violating the football playoff rules. The Wildcats will be barred from appearing on television in postseason play, permitted to grant only 11 football scholarships in 1979, 26 in '78, and 27 in '80 (Kansas State had exceeded the limit of 30 per year in previous seasons), and will lose one-third of its share of the revenue earned by the conference from television, non-revenue and postseason play. The penalties will cover a three-year period.

RESIGNED: As coach of the Philadelphia Flyers, RED SHEDD 52, because, he says, he has lost his "reflexes" to motivate the team. Shedd joined the Flyers as head coach in 1971. His teams had a 356-186-67 record, reached the playoffs six times and won the Stanley Cup once (74, '75).

RESIGNED: As manager of the Oakland A's, BOBBY WINKLES, 48. Winkles, the second of the team's five free releases in 1978, was replaced by Cecil McNamara, 47, who was fired as manager by owner Charles Finley last June.

CREDITS

6—Ted Steinhilber 16—drawing by 50% —Richard Mackay —Michael Sells 34—Co. Representative 19—Udo Sells Jack Owens/Graham Post

FACES IN THE CROWD

CHUCK EASLEY
Atlanta

An eighth-grade student at Westminster Schools, Chuck, 13, set records in the 100-yard dash (10.1), the 220 (23.1) and the long jump (20' 5/8") at a junior high meet. He was also a member of the 440 relay team, which set a meet record of 47.3.

VIC KIRYLAK
Rancho, N.J.

A junior first baseman in Princeton, Kirylak holds school records for the highest batting average for one season (.416), most home runs in one season (65) and total bases in one season (540), and he tied the record for most career RBIs (63).



BERTHA UGALDE
Los Angeles

A Cal State L.A. freshman, Ugalde won the women's overall Freestyle title at the Second Annual ACU-I Intercollegiate Freestyle Disc Championships. She came in first in the distance event (317) and second in the accuracy competition.



JEFF GUY
Aurora, Colo.

Guy, 17, cleared 7' 5/8" in his state championship meet to set a Colorado high school record in the high jump. He also holds school records in the long jump (22' 10 1/2"), the triple jump (45' 9") and the 120-yard high hurdles (14.6 seconds).



MIKE BEN
Baltimore, Conn.

A senior infielder for the Weimer (Pa.) College Intramural team, Ben holds school records for career goals (103), goals in a season (51) and goals in one game (7 twice). This year Ben led the Pioneers to a 7-3 record, their best ever.



PENELOPE JORDAN
East Lansing, Mich.

A graduate student at Michigan State, Jordan, 35, set women's world powerlifting records in the 123-pound class for the dead lift (285 pounds), bench press (135) and the squat (240) at the AAU championships in Nashua, N.H.



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- 4407 Ernie Diener
- 4408 Artis Gilmore
- 4409 Moses Malone
- 4410 Alvin Adams
- 4411 David Thompson
- 4412 Bob Lanier
- 4413 Adrian Dantley
- 4414 Billy Knight
- 4415 Austin Carr
- 4416 Bob McAdoo
- 4417 Elvin Hayes
- 4418 Jamaal Wilkes
- 4419 Calvin Murphy
- 4420 George Gervin
- 4421 Lucius Allen
- 4422 NBA Superstars

TENNIS

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

SEX RATED

Sir:

I read your May 22 article (Gimme an 'S,' Gimme an 'E,' Gimme...) on the NFL cheerleader erase with great interest.

Particularly intriguing was Suzanne Mitchell, who replied to Staff Writer Bruce Newman with the following gem: "Obviously we don't put the girls in those uniforms to hide anything. Sports has always had a very clean, almost Puritanical aspect about it, but by the same token, sex is a very important part of our lives. What we've done is combine the two."

Why is "Puritanical" football lacking something? What's wrong with keeping sex between lovers and keeping an NFL football game between teams of athletes? Must we now endure this kind of "sex" through the medium of professional football? I mean, enough is enough.

Cosmetics tell us how to look sexy, the commercial "brains" crank out daily doses of "Be sexy with this toothpaste, that hair spray or this perfume." And now, during what is presumably athletic competition, NFL management plans to bombard us with bouncing busts, bare bellies and lanky legs. Hey, I've got a helluva suggestion. Why don't we create a professional football league?

LARRY MOCK
Cupertino, Calif.

Sir:

I was one of the 1,500 who applied to be a Chicago Honey Bear, and was immediately rejected because I am not a professional dancer. I guess it's irrelevant that I'm a lifelong Bear fan and don't have to be sold when to cheer. I have paid my way into Soldier's Field to cheer for my team in all kinds of weather, so I don't understand why the cheerleaders should complain of "low pay."

GINGER RAPUSO
Chicago

• According to Connie Newman, general manager of the Honey Bears, applicants don't have to be professional dancers, but it helps. Cheerleading experience, personal appearance and size also count —ED

Sir:

I have decided to change my college major from physical education to journalism. In that way I can cover this new sport from the bottom up. Thanks a million.

ALEX B. BELL
Birmingham

Sir:

I have always doubted the validity of mixing sex with sports, but I changed my mind after seeing the picture of those NFL cheerleading contestants. Contestant No. 14 showed me better moves and more fluid motion than Tony Danza! How did she do?

S. C. TENTONI
West Allis, Wis.

• No. 14, Shannon Baker of SMU, made the team for the third time —ED

Sir:

Why is there such an uproar over the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders? The answer is simple: Tex Schramm's team is so good that the fans need something to sustain their interest during the second half of each week's game.

BRUCE BERNSTEIN
Boston

OH, REALLY?

Sir:

In response to Mark Mulvey's article *Never Rife an O'Reilly* (May 15), I hope you will run a follow-up article on Terry O'Reilly, including a picture showing what happens to O'Reilly when he stands up long enough during a fight. The fight I'm talking about took place in the second period of the fourth game of the series between Philadelphia and Boston. If O'Reilly's face is a map of Ireland, the Flyers' Mel Bridgman sank it.

MIKE FLECK
Toms River, N.J.

Sir:

I am amazed by Mulvey's biased, inconsistent observations. He criticizes the Toronto Maple Leafs for tough, hard-hitting hockey, then glorifies Terry O'Reilly of the Boston Bruins for exactly the same style.

STEPHEN LUFF
Toronto

SOME PATSIES

Sir:

In your Pro Basketball Scouting Reports last October you mentioned the SuperSonics as "a last-place club through and through" and even referred to them as "patsies!"

Well, here we are in June and the patsies have disposed of the Los Angeles Lakers, Portland Trail Blazers and the Denver Nuggets and now are facing the Washington Bullets for the NBA championship.

Also in your scouting report you predicted correctly that Coach Hopkins would be dropped in favor of Lenny Wilkens and that the NBA championship would remain in the

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

hands of the Pacific Northwest. But you picked the wrong city.

RANDA F. HEDGON
Bellingham, Wash.

Sir:

The race of the Washington Bullets and the Seattle SuperSonics as finalists in the NBA playoffs is the final piece of proof that the one-on-one game has at last gone off to join the dinosaur.

ALAN BRANDON
Woodland Hills, Calif.

S.P.A.T.

Sir:

I used to look forward to the end of each week and the arrival of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Lying back in bed, I would open the magazine anticipating the delights of beautiful photography and writing. Then, too late as usual, I remembered that at least two subscription invitations from Time Inc. would fall into my eyeballs. If I survived the first attack without retina damage, I had two choices. I could put the solicitations back in the fold of the magazine and wait for a surprise assault as I read on, or I could put the invitations on a nearby flat surface, where they would eventually be thrown away with all the other unsolicited junk mail cluttering my house. Neither of these alternatives appealed to me. So I ask similarly afflicted subscribers to join me in forming the Society to Prevent Invitations from Time Inc. (S.P.I.T.).

TOM COHEN
Mill Valley, Calif.

EYES HAVE IT

Sir:

Wow! What great news (SCORECARD, May 15)! I finally found something that I've got that Paul Newman and Robert Redford don't have: brown eyes and faster neural impulses! I'm forever indebted to Professor Landers.

JAMES E. ABBOTT
Downey, Calif.

SWIFTSURE

Sir:

The only adjective my unimpaired mind came up with to describe Bill Eppridge's photographs of the Swiftsure Lightship Classic in the May 22 issue was "mind-boggling." Eppridge captured the essence of the race—the sheer power and beauty of the boats and the grandeur of the setting.

JESSICA WOLFE
New York City

THE WEST BRANCH

Sir:

My sincere congratulations to Blt Gilbert and SA for the superb story on the West Branch of the Susquehanna (*Journey into Spring*, May 8). Growing up in the late '20s and '30s in central Pennsylvania, I would often accompany my father on his business trips to such lovely towns as Cherry Tree, McGee's Mills and Clearfield, and my memories of the West Branch are still clear. We would often

continued



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NEW YORK (cont.)

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19TH HOLE continued

stop to dip a line into it for a flimsy prize to take home for dinner. I am very glad this superb river is making a comeback.

JOHN G. TORRES
Carmel Valley, Calif.

Sir:

I thought you would be interested in knowing that since Bill Gilbert came down the West Branch the Clearfield sewage plant has become a secondary treatment facility and the coloration from that source has improved drastically.

The big problem, of course, is the pollution from the old deep mines along more than 30 miles of Clearfield Creek, which feeds into the West Branch below Clearfield. There are more than a hundred. Some of these discharge sulfur water all the time, some only when we have a heavy rain. Federal and state studies have been made of this, and Maurice Goddard, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Resources, and I have discussed it a number of times. With limited funds the state tries to clean up one or two tributary streams a year, but it's a discouraging, slow process.

Under the new federal strip-ping law, a fee of 35¢ per ton of soft coal mined goes for reclamation. The state distributes the money, and we have already pushed strongly to be sure that Clearfield County, now the leading strip-mine producer in Pennsylvania, gets its share. Ironically, a factor working in our favor is that many of these small drift and deep mines are above where the strip miners' heavy draglines are now going and, in the process of reaching the deeper seams, they are cleaning up the troublemakers. Then, of course, with the buck-fill, the abandoned mines are closed in.

I also noted with interest Gilbert's remarks about the Curwensville Dam. During Hurricane Agnes the dam filled to within 14 feet of the top. If we had not had the Curwensville Dam, Clearfield would have been 12 feet under water. The dam had a sizable impact on the Lock Haven level, too. During the 1936 flood we were under three feet of water.

As Gilbert has pointed out, the fishing is really getting good now. It had been 50 years since the West Branch was clean around Clearfield, but about seven years ago some of us put in cutfish fingerlings. Two years later we were getting eight- and nine-inch cutfish. Now the river is loaded with suckers, and there are bass and trout, too. The big bass are inclined to go down the river but the trout seem to be comfortable, especially near the mouths of the feeder runs.

Another boon from the Curwensville Dam is that dam tenders let us know when they are going to let some water out of the dam and one can ride that crest for miles.

WILLIAM K. LUBRICH
Publisher
The Progress
Clearfield, Pa.

continued

A new student preparing for Yale

Asked what reading his course might entail his professor said brightly, "PEOPLE Magazine nightly. For without it, you're certain to fail."



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19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

The secret is out, but I suppose it is time we shared this cantering gem with other people. Bill Gilbert has captured the wilderness, scenery and solitude of the West Branch as well as revealed its problems.

SAM YOST
Clearfield, Pa.

Sir:

I went to school alongside this lovely river, and your article brought back more memories of the joy I experienced on its banks than any class reunion could.

I will set aside this issue with the intention of reading it again and again. And I'm sure many others who have had an affair with north-central Pennsylvania and its West Branch will do the same.

DAVID O'CONNOR
Pittsburgh

BUFFALO'S PICK

Sir:

The title of Joe Marshall's article summarizing the 1978 National Football League draft (*The Same Old Song and Dance*, May 15) couldn't have been more inappropriate in the case of the Buffalo Bills. The Bills have been notorious in recent years for their poor draft selections. They have not enjoyed a blue-chip draft since 1973, when they acquired Joe DeLamelleure and Joe Ferguson. That all changed last year when the Bills, behind the drafting genius of Chuck Knox, picked Terry Miller, running back extraordinaire, in the first round.

Miller, who is fourth on the alltime NCAA rushing list with 4,582 yards, could very well be the man to fill the recently vacated running shoes of O. J. Simpson. After a long silence, Buffalo Bills fans will once again have something to cheer about.

LARRY VETTER
Buffalo

AGENCY

Sir:

Re your SCORECARD item (May 8) on Kentucky All-America Art Still's switching of agents, perhaps Agent No. 1, Matt Snell, should hire Agent No. 2, Mike Trope, as his agent. Then Trope could hire Agent No. 3, Harold Daniels. It looks as though the time has come when an agent needs an agent needs an agent. . .

The nerve of that Art Still! Does he think he can get out of a contract with his agent as easily as his agent will be able to get him out of a contract with an NFL club owner? Still had better consult his agent—whenever his agent happens to be.

MICHAEL JOHANNING
East Moline, Ill.

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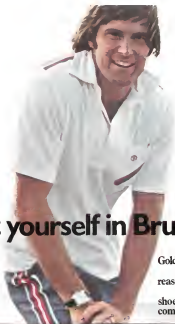
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